

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1811.

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Art. I. *The Book of Job*; translated from the Hebrew, by the late Miss Elizabeth Smith, Author of Fragments in Prose and Verse. With a Preface and Annotations, by the Rev. T. Randolph, D. D. Second Edition, 8vo. pp. 207. Price 7s. Cadell and Davies, Hatchard. 1810.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of the Bible that has excited the pen of sacred criticism more frequently, than the very singular and exquisitely sublime poem before us. A venerable shade of obscurity is thrown equally over its author, its language, and its train of imagery; and a hallowed curiosity has hence been evinced in all ages to dive into the gloom, and enucleate its difficulties. Hence almost every nation, independently of its general interpreters of sacred writ, has to boast of a multitude of *monogrammists* upon the book of Job, (if we may be allowed to employ a term which has hitherto been limited to natural history,) who, by confining their attention to this work alone, have endeavoured to put the public into possession of its full history and meaning. Of this description of critics, the best writers on the continent are—Luis de Leon of Spain, the two Schultenses of Holland, and Vogel and Reiske of Germany, the last of whom would have been by far the best qualified for the work, if he had not unfortunately laboured under an irresistible propensity to be perpetually innovating upon the Hebrew text.

In our own country, we have been peculiarly rich in the same class of writers; and that both in prose and verse. The verse-translators are Sandys and Scott; with the former of whom, it may be sufficient to observe, that Johnson was so highly pleased, as to have selected his poem as one of the standard authorities for his Dictionary. As a whole it possesses, indeed, a considerable degree of merit; though it is rather a merit that flashes occasionally upon the sight, than

that shines uniformly and continually. Scott has fewer fine passages ; but his versification is more permanently correct : he is chiefly to be valued, however, on account of his critical and explanatory notes, most of which are selected with taste from preceding writers, and many of which are able specimens of original criticism. Mr. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, and father of the celebrated John Wesley, published, in 1736, a series of dissertations upon this poem, in Latin, that fill up a folio volume of six hundred pages ; evincing more reading than taste, and somewhat more fancy than either—his performance being embellished with what he supposes to be a *correct likeness* of the patriarch at the age of seventy. Mr. Grey, of Hinton, in Northamptonshire, published, in 1742, an octavo edition of the original text, reduced to metrical verses upon Bishop Hare's system, and accompanied with Albertus Schultens's Latin rendering, and the more select of his notes ; the Latin rendering being in a few places altered, and the notes occasionally amended by original remarks. Bishop Lowth gave, as is well known, a brief, but admirable history of the nature, scope, and peculiar beauties of this poem, in his elegant academical prelections *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum*, which were afterwards translated into English by Dr. George Gregory. And Dr. Stock, at that time bishop of Killala, published in 1805 a new English translation of the whole book, to use his own words, "metrically arranged according to the Massora," and accompanied by critical and explanatory notes at the foot of the text, and by the authorised English version on the opposite page.

Such may be regarded as a general view of the subject, (a few works being omitted which it is not necessary to notice,) when the translation before us was undertaken. The fair author is well known to our readers from a volume of *Fragments in Prose and Verse*, which has already been noticed with high approbation in this journal ; and still farther from the very interesting biographical memoirs concerning her, with which those *Fragments* were introduced ; and which prove the short and evanescent life she was permitted to enjoy, to have been equally characterised by moral and intellectual excellencies—that scarcely a moment was suffered to pass unimproved—that the extensive, and we may add almost unrivalled, talents entrusted to her, were ardently, as well as incessantly devoted to the best purposes—and that she lived more in thirty years than most people do in fourscore. To the account already given of her, we shall take leave to add the following statement from the editor's preface to the work before us, as immediately connected with the subject.

\* In her seventeenth year, she acquired some knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her brother, led her thoughts to oriental literature; and in a letter written in the following year, (1794,) she mentions her intention to begin the study of Hebrew. In February, 1795, she says, "As to Persian, all my books are at Bath, so that I shall most probably forget the little I knew, when I saw you last." These books were never afterwards in her possession; but it appears, that, in the course of a few months, she had made good use of them. for among her manuscripts was found a large collection of Hebrew words,† compared with the Arabic, or Persian, to shew the resemblance between these languages; with an explanation of the Arabic names of many of the stars, and other observations upon that language. In 1799, she writes to her friend, "If you want to consult the Syriac translation of the New Testament on any particular passage, let me know it. Mr. CLAXTON has a very fine one, printed in Hebrew characters; and the language is so very like the Hebrew, and where it differs from that, so like the Arabic, that I can read it very well." What facility of comprehension (as it has been before stated) Miss SMITH may have brought to her Hebrew studies, from these prior investigations, cannot now be ascertained; but never, at any period of her life, did she derive from any person the smallest assistance in the pursuit of them. She had frequent access to an Hebrew bible, and for several years before her death it was constantly in her possession.

\* Mr. CLAXTON gave her a little book, which contained maxims and opinions of the Rabbins, and sundry roots of Hebrew words; and his library furnished also a collection of prayers, used in the Jewish synagogue. She had also Bayley's Hebrew Grammar, and when she began to study that language, she had an opportunity of consulting Leigh's Dictionary. These appear to have been all the helps she had, till the year 1801, when she was put in possession of Parkhurst's Lexicon; and during her residence at Coniston, where she had access to no other book from which she could derive any assistance, the translation of Job was the employment of her solitary hours, and was finished in November, 1803.

\* In a letter written in 1805, she says, "I never read Peters on Job, nor any thing about the Hebrew language, except the book of Dr. Kennicott, which you lent me, and Lowth's *Prælections*. Parkhurst has been my only guide, but I fancy he is a very good one."

\* A few chapters of Genesis, many of the Psalms, and some parts of the Prophets, filled some scattered leaves among her papers, and exhibit proofs of her unwearied application to the study of the holy writings. It may fairly therefore be alledged, that with the aid she experienced from the Grammar and Lexicon of Parkhurst, and without any other direction than what she collected from an accurate investigation of the roots, and then following and considering the connection between them and their derivatives; from making, in short, the Hebrew language explicative of itself; she has extracted from this inexhaustible mine of divine knowledge (for

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\* \* See Fragments, vol. 1. page 32.\*

† \* This collection will, I believe, be printed by the Bishop of St. David's, as a sequel to his Arabic alphabet.\*



such it may be truly called) the rich ore of learning, on which she has to happily stamped a value by her own exquisite skill and judgment.

‘Through the whole of her remarks and alterations, she never alludes to, and I am confident, never saw, any other version but that of our Bible; and although in her occasional deviations from it, there is, in many passages, a similarity of construction with that of some or other of our best commentators, there is also a certain dissimilarity in the turn of thought, or the mode of expression, which peculiarly marks it to be her own, and removes any suspicion of her having borrowed from them, or of having been biassed by any pre-conceived opinions.’

Nothing can be more correct than almost the whole of this view of the translation. It proves, in every page, that the writer's entire initiation into Hebrew, and her knowledge of that language, were derived from the very respectable source of Mr. Parkhurst. His train of thinking guides her in every instance; and we believe we may say, that every passage he has incidentally interpreted in the course of his dictionary, is introduced, without an exception, into his pupil's version.

We think highly of the authority under which she studied; and have no hesitation in adding, that every friend to the sacred writings, and especially to those of the Old Testament, is under essential obligations to an accomplished scholar, who has so peculiarly smoothed, and even charmed the way to a general knowledge of the Hebrew text. And we trust the very considerable success which has accompanied the fair writer before us, may prove an incentive to multitudes of young persons of both sexes to follow so laudable and inviting an example. Yet we should be unjust to the character that belongs to us; we should neither be veracious nor candid; if we were to add, that such an elementary education could possibly qualify them for becoming critics and expositors. In reality, it has not qualified Miss Smith for the task, extraordinarily as she was endowed beyond the general train of her compeers; and in perusing the version before us, we are perpetually called upon to concede to the opinion of the very respectable editor, that

‘It may, and must ever, be deeply regretted, that Miss Smith did not live to render her work more perfect, by such judicious alterations, as a more enlarged enquiry, and maturer deliberation, might have inclined her to make; and that on a few dubious and difficult passages she had not had the opportunity of consulting the opinions of some of our most learned and able commentators. But if she had no other helps than those which are common to, and lie within the reach of, every Hebrew student, must it not afford matter of triumph as well as of encouragement to him, to find what a proficiency may be made in the sacred language, with the bare assistance of a Grammar and Lexicon? and that, by the same help and guidance, if he will take the pains to search the Hebrew Scriptures, he may hope, and without the aid of Rabbinical interpretations, or even the ac-



quirement of other branches of oriental learning, to search them with the greatest profit to himself, if not to unlock their hidden store for the edification of others.'

We are also fully persuaded, with Dr. Randolph, that 'the following work, to be duly appreciated, ought to be regarded, not as a commentary on the book of Job, but simply as a religious exercise of the accomplished author to familiarise herself with the Hebrew language, and more fully to acquaint herself with the word of God.

With such a view of the subject, we are therefore astonished at the injudicious, and even contradictory partiality which could assert, in the very next page, 'If I have no hesitation in saying that, as a translation it fears no comparison, I would also expressly state, that (except with the context of the venerable book from which it was formed) it calls for none. *It is not a trial of skill*, but the document of an humble and disciplined understanding; an effort of intellect that must always command the admiration of the learned.' And shortly afterwards, in reference to a letter received by him from his friend Dr. Magee,

'I am authorised (says Dr. R.) to produce this version of the book of Job, not as a *work that claims indulgence* from the youth or sex of the author, *which might plead the di-advantages under which it was prosecuted* in extenuation of its faults or errors, but as a work of superior excellence, and "conveying," as my friend expresses himself, "more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess." As such I do produce it; and so far as diligent and accurate comparison of this translation, partially or wholly, with almost every other extant, (at least with all I could procure, or read,) may entitle me to make this assertion, I scruple not to pronounce it to be, upon the whole, more clear and satisfactory, more grammatically accurate, more closely expressive of the literal meaning, and, though preserving a native lustre of its own, more distinctly reflecting the brightness of its glorious original, than any which have fallen under my observation.'

We are now called upon, therefore, and openly challenged, to examine this work in a different point of view; not as a simple 'religious exercise of the accomplished author to familiarise herself with the Hebrew language,'—and an exercise derived from 'the bare assistance of a Grammar and a Lexicon;' but as a production altogether unrivalled in *our* own language, according to Dr. Magee, and in *every* language, (at least in every language he could procure or read,) according to Dr. Randolph. It is impossible, indeed, not to observe the material difference that exists between the two opinions of these learned friends. We essentially differ from

both of them; but are, at the same time, fully sensible of the greater modesty in the assertion of the former. With respect to English translators, 'the true character and meaning of the Hebrew' is, in our opinion, best given by Dr Stock: but by no means the *best English idiom*,—in which he has been peculiarly unsuccessful. A good English idiom is indeed a peculiar characteristic of Miss Smith's version: she writes her native language with great ease and elegance; though even in this respect there are passages in Tyndal which she would have done wise, had she been acquainted with them, to have copied. But as a whole we are still compelled to prefer, both in truth and elegance of rendering, our established version; and have often been surprised to find that Miss Smith could have thought of deviating from it. With regard to foreign versions, however, we are truly astonished that Dr. Randolph could, for a moment, have forgotten those of St. Jerom, Castalio, Michaelis, and Diodati; or that, recollecting them, he should have paid, with all the *deserved* partiality he felt for the memory of his fair friend, the exclusive compliment we have just copied.

We revere the talents and assiduity of Miss Smith, perhaps as highly as, certainly more correctly than, her learned editor does: and we lament, as much as he can possibly lament, that she was so suddenly cut off in the career of wisdom and moral excellence. Yet let us estimate things as they deserve. The work before us is an admirable specimen of what may be accomplished in a little time, and with few means. But we should be unjust to scholars of deep erudition and acute enquiry, if we were to regard it as a finished production; we should be unjust to the public, if, after having read it carefully, we were to state it to be any thing else than an imperfect exercise, in which the author had not completely settled her English text,—in which, also, in a great multitude of instances, instead of being grammatically accurate, she has unaccountably misunderstood the original,—and instead of being 'closely expressive of the literal meaning' has indulged in a looseness of rendering, that we have never met with in any other version. We have already observed, that her deviations from the general sense of the established text, are for the most part derived from Mr. Parkhurst. These, however, we cannot always approve; and it is far less seldom that we can approve the author's original changes. But it becomes us to support our opinion upon each of these points by a few examples.

It is perfectly clear to us, and we apprehend it will be so to our readers, that Miss Smith had not revised and settled

her text as she intended, and as she probably would have done, and certainly ought to have done, had her life been spared. We infer this, in the first place, from the negligence manifested in the use, sometimes of the old English termination of verbs in the third person singular, and sometimes of the modern termination; a negligence which runs through the whole of the poem, and gives us about equal instances of each form. Thus Ch. i. 16, 'the fire of God *has* fallen from heaven:' while in Ch. ii. 5, it runs 'all that a man *hath* he will give for his life.' So Ch. v. 2.

'For the stupid rich Man anger *kills*,  
And the silly poor one *dies* of envy.'

Yet in V. 11. of the same chapter it occurs,

'Who *setteth* the lowly on high,  
And *exalteth* the mourners in safety.'

We have another proof of the truth of this assertion, in the different and opposite meanings ascribed to the Hebrew בָּרַךְ in different verses of the first two chapters. In Ch. i. 5, it is rendered 'to bless'; in Ch. ii. 5, 'to curse'. In Ch. i. 11, the writer is doubtful which way to render it; and hence, as though determined to be right, has given it both ways: for the text occurs thus,—'whether to thy face he will *not* bless thee? [curse thee]'. In Ch. ii. 10, it is again rendered decidedly *bless*, in a very correct translation taken from Mr. Parkhurst—'blessing God and dying.' We are aware that something of the same kind of inconsistency occurs in our established version, yet by no means to so great an extent. There is no reason, however, for its occurring at all. Nothing is so absurd as to suppose that the very same term can ever have been made use of to express ideas so diametrically opposite; nor is the subterfuge that בָּרַךְ occasionally means "to bid farewell to," *χαρην*, valedicere, and hence "to take leave of, or renounce," in any respect necessary. It denotes "to bless" simply, and in as single a sense as the English term itself. With a little care and dexterity of construction, it might, in all the above passages, have been confined to this sense alone; and in a version boldly asserted to be 'more clear and satisfactory, more grammatically accurate, more closely expressive of the literal meaning than any other known translation,' it not only *might*, but *ought* to have been thus limited and explained.

This remark might be extended to a great variety of instances, if we had time. Thus we dip at random into Ch. xxxvi. 26, and find the expression וְלֹא נָרַע rendered, 'beyond our knowledge:' but in the ensuing chapter, V. 5, 'and we understand not.' The repetition of the phrase has



an intrinsic beauty in the original, and forms an *anaphora* which is peculiarly characteristic of its diction: and hence, whatever might have been the rendering in the former place, it ought carefully to have been retained in the latter. So, dipping again at random, we find in Ch. xiii. 13, 14, the phrase עלִי מָה, or מָה עָלַי, rendered in the first instance 'whatsoever come,' and in the second, 'on the chance.'

'Be silent and I will speak,  
*Whatsoever come* upon me,  
*On the chance*, I will take my flesh in my teeth,  
 And put my soul in my hand.'

The passage, indeed, has not been fully understood by our fair translator; and hence another of its beauties, the very forcible repetition of the pronoun, has been omitted. The original text is as follows,

הִרְדִּישׁוּ מִמֶּנִּי וְאֶרְנָה:  
 אֲנִי וְיַעֲבֹר עָלַי מָה:  
 עַל מָה אֶשָּׂא בִשְׁרִי בִשְׁנִי:  
 וְנַפְשִׁי אֲשִׁים בְּכַפִּי:

The direct and literal version of which is,

*Hold ye your peace, for I will speak,  
 I will—And let what may come upon me,  
 Let what may—I will carry my flesh in my teeth,  
 And put my life in my hand.*

In Ch. vii. 22, וְשִׁחַרְחִנִי, "and thou shalt seek me," is erroneously rendered, 'they shall seek me:' the word *and* being omitted. Ch. ix. 3, לִרְיֹב עִמּוֹ, "to contend," or rather, "to argue with *him*" is given 'to contend with *us*.' This change or confusion of one person for another occurs very frequently. But we have occasionally worse errors to encounter; direct false concords, as plural verbs joined to singular nouns, or masculine nouns to feminine adjectives. Thus, passing forwards once more incidentally, Ch. xxxvii. 10, in the expression 'the waters run' the author writes a verb singular in the original to a nominative plural. So, in Ch. xxxviii. 20, she first misunderstands אֵל as meaning *God*, and then couples it as a nominative with תִּקַּח, a verb in the second person. In this verse, also, the pronoun נִי is altogether omitted in the first line of the version, and the two words וְכִי in the second. In V. 10 of the next chapter (xxxix) we have errors of every kind, both of omission and commission. עֲבָדוֹ "his rope" or "his band" as it is in our common version, is here rendered 'a rope', the pronoun *his* being omitted: and *rope* is then made the nominative case to תִּבְטֵחַ, a verb in the second person singular, 'will a rope keep him?' In the more correct language of our established lection "canst thou bind,

or keep the UNICORN?"—not 'bind or keep *him*:'—for here again we meet with a singular omission; the word רֶמֶס, "unicorn or rhinoceros," being totally left out, and the pronoun *him* substituted for it. At this proneness to omit substantives we have been often astonished. It commences with the very first chapter, where, in V. 5, the word *Job* is wholly suppressed, and the expression "for Job said," כִּי אָמַר אִיּוֹב, is rendered with the verb alone, 'for *he* said.'

We are far from inclining to be severe upon these sorts of blemishes. We are ready to ascribe them to inattention, if not to rapidity of composition alone; and to regard them as *maculæ quas incuria fudit*, and which the fair writer intended to have corrected, upon a subsequent revision of her text. They sufficiently prove, however, that her text never did receive such revision; and consequently that, (although in spite of these blemishes it possesses a large portion of *general* merit) it is in no respect intitled to the praise of unrivalled accuracy, and adherence to the literal meaning of the original, which the very respectable editor has so lavishly passed upon it.

Let us, however, take a passage of some length, that the beauties of the version, as well as the defects, may appear to full advantage. The following is a part of the sublime and admirably descriptive speech of Elihu: Ch. xxxvi. 26—Ch. xxxvii 13.

- ' 26 Behold! God is great, beyond our knowledge;  
His years are numerous beyond our search.
- 27 For he maketh small the drops of water,  
They are strained off (for) the rain of his vapour;
- 28 Which the heavens let fall,  
And drop on man abundantly.
- 29 Also can any understand the spreadings of the clouds?  
The high abodes of his silence.
- 30 Behold, he spreads on it his light,  
And the bottom of the sea is covered (with the  
reflected light.)
- 31 For by them he judgeth the people.  
He giveth food in abundance.
- 32 The light overspreads the vault (of heaven,)  
And he commandeth it concerning him that prayeth:
- 33 He telleth, concerning him, his thunder  
Commissioned with wrath against arrogance.

#### CHAP. XXXVII.

- 1 Verily, for this my heart flutters,  
And beats beyond its place.

- 2 Hark! hear the thundering of his voice,  
And the muttering that issues from his mouth.
- 3 His flash is beneath the whole heaven  
And his light on the extremities of the earth.
- 4 After it roars the thunder,  
He thunders with the voice of his majesty,  
And he will not stay them, for his voice shall be heard.
- 5 God thunders with his voice;  
He doeth mighty wonders, and we understand not.
- 6 For to the snow he saith, Be on the earth;  
And he pours out the rain, he pours out the showers of  
his strength,
- 7 Sealing up the hand of every man,  
That all may know his works.
- 8 And the wild beast retires to his covert,  
And in their dens do they abide.
- 9 From the black cloud comes the whirlwind,  
And from condensed air, ice.
- 10 From the breath of God, the ice gives,  
And the waters run wide in the thaw.
- 11 Also the pure (ether) dissolves the thick vapour,  
Its light breaks through the cloud:
- 12 And they turn round according to his counsels,  
To perform all that he commands them on the face of  
the earth.
- 13 Whether he cause it to fall on the sceptre,  
Or on his land, or for abundance.' pp. 122—124.

This passage contains great elegance and simplicity of diction. In some parts we prefer it to the established version—but not generally. It is less regularly correct, and at times far inferior. But that it may be duly appreciated, let us examine it *seriatim*.

V. 26. The pronoun '*our*,' not found in the original, is unnecessarily introduced into both lines; and this being omitted, *surpassing* would be a better word than '*beyond*.'

V. 27. '*For*.' This should have been *lo!* or *behold!* כִּי is not here an adverb of causation, but of exclamation. The

Arabic form حَي is repeatedly used in this sense; and the present poem abounds with this and other Arabisms. It is however a sense, by no means uncommon to כִּי as a Hebrew term, not only in the book before us, but especially in the Psalms. '*They are strained off*,' is better than in our established version, "*they pour d. wn.*" Dr. Stock has it, "*they are refined.*" It refers to the process of vaporization: *they throw off* would be as correct and more simple than either. '*For his vapour*,' should be *for his tempest*; as לאֵרוֹ is here used



in the sense of *לִאֲרִי*, which is indeed the actual rendering of not less than fifty one of Dr. Kennicott's codices.

V. 28. 'Which the heavens let fall.' 'Which,' *אֲשֶׁר*, is here an adverb of time, and should be rendered *then*. *ל* in all its senses implies lavishness or profusion. The image correctly given is peculiarly beautiful,—*down flow the heavens*. 'And' does not occur in the second line: it should be *they drop*, or rather, *pour*, &c.

V. 29. This verse is supposed by all the critics to be intractable. Schultens gives it up in despair, and Reiske only attempts to make sense of it by altering the text. Dr. Stock renders it,

"Yea—can any understand the spreadings of the cloud?

"The rattlings of the tabernacle?"

The grand error of all the interpreters consists, in giving to the passage an interrogatory cast, to which it has no pretensions; and in deriving *יִבֵּן* from *בִּן*, "to discern or understand," instead of from *בָּנָה*, "to build up, pile up, heap, multiply." *עַב* is not exactly expressed by our word *cloud*: it means rather the web, vapour, or woof of which the cloud is composed—*nimbus* rather than *nubēs*. This first part of the couplet should therefore, be, *But if he heap up the spreadings of his cloudy-woof*.

*תִּשְׁמָע* "noise" in our common version, and "rattlings" in Dr. Stock's, is rendered 'high abodes' by Miss Smith, from *נִשָּׂא* instead of from *שָׂא*. The proper word is *tapestry*—pictured representations of things. *שָׂא*, observes Reiske very correctly, "*est picta, variegata, idea rei*."

V. 31. 'For by them.' This should be—*lo!* or *behold*, by these things; i.e. these fearful phenomena. The real meaning of the second line has never yet been entered into. *אָכַל* does not mean 'food,' but *sentence*, judgement, decision, from *כָּלָא*:—*he passeth or giveth sentence a vain*.

V. 32. We have here, and in almost every one of the verses of the ensuing chapter, an instance of the negligence we have already pointed out, of employing indiscriminately the ancient and the modern termination of the third person singular of our verbs; as 'overspreads' in the first line, and 'commandeth' and 'prayeth' in the second. The first period is not quite correctly rendered, either in this or our common version; but we have not space to point out every defect. The second period is of far more consequence, and has given much more trouble to the critics. Miss Smith has followed her guide, Mr. Parkhurst, and is hence not personally amenable for her error; though neither here nor in any other place is the smallest acknowledgement given, or reference made, to

the authority she so freely copies. Dr. Stock's rendering is "and giveth it charge to what it shall meet." The general confusion proceeds altogether from an erroneous division of the words; which instead of

וַיֹּאזְזֵה עָלֶיהָ בַּמַּפְגִּיעַ :

Ve-jezve oliah bemapegio,

should be written,

וַיִּצֵעַ לִיהָב מַפְגִּיעַ :

Ve-jezveo liabbe mapegio

which will then be literally,

*And launcheth his penetrating bolt.*

V. 33. וַיִּגֵּר is here, and in all the translations, derived from גַּר "to show, or tell;" but erroneously: its proper root is נָגַר "to assault, or rush upon:"—*Along with it rusheth his noise or roar.*

The second line of the verse is taken from Parkhurst, but a little altered; his suggestion being 'possessing wrath for' or 'against arrogance.' One of the earliest and principal articles of possession was *cattle*: and hence מִקְנֵה, if derived from קָנָה, would mean *cattle*, as well as *possession* generally; and it is thus rendered by our established version, and by most of those that preceded it. קָנָה however is not the proper root of מִקְנֵה, but קָנָא,—*"to burn with fierceness:"* and hence the noun, instead of *possession* or *cattle*, should be *fierceness* or *ferour*. אַף which our established lection regards as an adverb, and makes "*also*," is properly understood as a noun, and rendered '*wrath*.' Schultens has given the passage a very correct interpretation, *rubedinem flammantem nasi contra elationem*;—*the fierceness of wrath against pride, or rather wickedness.*

Ch xxxvii. 1. There is no part of the work we have been so much displeased with as the present. '*Verily my heart flutters and beats*,' is a genuine female exclamation, and equally betrays the sex and the youth of the author. It also exhibits another proof of her negligence in employing the modern verbal termination, we have already adverted to. The real meaning of the passage, however, has never been penetrated by any of the critics. אַף here rendered '*verily*,' and in our established version "*also*," is in the last verse of the preceding chapter rendered, as a noun, '*wrath*:' the paragraph is continued into the verse before us; and the meaning is still *wrath*. A more unfortunate division, indeed, or one more destructive of all sense has never been exhibited than the present separation of the two chapters: for it takes place not only in the middle of a most magnificent description, but in the middle

of the very same sentence. The thunder-storm, observes the sublime poet, is an apt emblem of the *wrath* (הַאֵף) of the Almighty against wickedness:—*wrath* (הַאֵף) continues he, at which my heart trembleth and staggereth in its post.

V. 4. 'And he will not stay them, for,' &c. would be better rendered impersonally, and there is no limit to them when, &c:—that is, to the range of the flash and the roar.

V. 5. We cannot compliment the writer upon taking נִפְלְאוֹת, marvellously, away from the first line, and introducing it into the second in the sense of 'mighty.' Even in this case, however, it should have been mightily doeth he great wonders—or great things; which last is a better rendering of our established lection than the word for which it is here exchanged. 'And we understand not,' should be, as in V. 26 of the preceding chapter, 'beyond' or surpassing 'knowledge.'

V. 6. 'For.' This should once more be *lo!* or *behold!* See note above on Ch. xxxvi. 27. The full beauty of the passage, however, has never been entered into, in consequence of the words having been uniformly construed with a wrong punctuation: whence, indeed, a great difficulty has been felt by every critic; and Mr. Gray, who is one of our most cautious interpreters, ventures to suppose an error in the text, and to suggest that two of the words be omitted. The following division and punctuation will clear up every difficulty, and render all attempts at amendment unnecessary.

כִּי לִשְׁלֹן יֹאמֵר הוּא :

אוֹרְחוֹנֶשֶׁב :

מִטֶּר וּנְשֵׁב מִטְרֵית עֶזוֹ :

*Behold! he saith to the snow—BE!*

*Earthward, then falleth it, or then to the earth falleth it.*

*To the rain—and it falleth—the rains of his might.*

V. 7. 'That all may know.' This is the common rendering. The literal version however is—to the feeling or perception of every man.

V. 9. For (הַחֹרֶב) 'black cloud,' which is Mr. Parkhurst's rendering, or "south," which is the common rendering, we should prefer *utmost zone*, the ה being emphatic—*zona ipsissima*. And for 'condensed air' (מִזְרִיב) which is also Mr. Parkhurst's, we should have given *arctic chambers*. Our common version gives "north."

V. 10. We cannot approve of any part of this deviation from the common rendering, which offers a sense precisely opposite. נָתַן, however, does not, in the present instance, mean 'to give,' in any signification of the term: but "to fix,

or set:" as in the Arabic نَتَن from وَتَن. So St. Jerom: *flante*

*Deo concrevit gelu:—by the blast of God the frost congeals or*



sets: and to the same effect Reiske. רַחֵב is a substantive "breadth or expanse" as given in our common version. Miss Smith commits a false concord by joining it, as a verb singular, to מַיִם waters, a noun plural.—'In the thaw' should be into a mirror, -בְּמִצְרָה, from יָצַק, "to pour out or fuse" metal: in which sense it occurs in our established location, in V. 18 of the present chapter.

V. 12. 'And they turn' should be—thus HE (אֵל) turneth rather maketh to turn—revolveth. מַסְבֹּת here rendered 'round,' is a noun plural, and distinctly signifies *courses*, or *circuits*, as given by Dr. Stock. *Seasons* is a better word than either.

V. 13. This verse has proved a stumbling block to all the critics: and none of them appear satisfied even with their own renderings. Scott proposes to transpose the text, while Reiske, as usual, alters the words themselves:—and even Dr. Stock finds himself compelled to pursue this last means of eliciting a sense, though in a different manner. The rendering of Miss Smith does not afford us much light upon the subject; nor is it in any respect clearer than the established reading. Both translations begin the verse with the words that close it in the original.

The whole of the difficulty appears to proceed from not having taken the real sense of שֹׁבֵט, and of אֶרֶץ, as they are intended in the present place. The primary idea of שֹׁבֵט is *succession*: hence, as a verb, it imports "to proceed, to extend, to follow in order;" and as a noun, "a shoot, tribe, or branch of a family: progeny or succession." אֶרֶץ does not in the present place signify 'earth;' but is a noun derived from רָץ "to dash, crush, or break to pieces." The א is formative; and hence the noun imports "violence, discomfiture, destruction, ruin, judgment, or punishment."—The rendering thus explained is *constantly in succession, whether for judgment, or for mercy, he causeth it to take place*: "faciat id obvenire," as Schultens has justly translated the close of the verse.

If these hints be correct, and the scattered fragments—the *disjecti membra tentaminis*—be collected, the whole version of the above passage will run as follows.

#### CHAP. XXXVI.

- 26 Behold! God is great, surpassing knowledge;  
The number of his years surpassing research.
- 27 Lo: he exaleth the drops of the waters;  
They throw off the rain for his tempest.
- 28 Then down flow the heavens;  
They pour upon man impetuously.—

- 29 But if he heap up the spreadings of the cloudy woof,  
The tapestry of his pavilion,  
30 Behold ! he throweth forth from it his flash,  
And inverteth the roots of the very ocean.  
31 Lo ! thus judgeth he the nations ;  
He passeth sentence amain.  
32 He brandisheth the blaze athwart the concave ;  
And launcheth his penetrating bolt.  
33 Along with it rusheth his roar,  
The fierceness of wrath, because of wickedness ;

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

- 1 Wrath, at which my heart trembleth,  
And staggereth in its post.  
2 Hear, O hear ye the clangour of his voice,  
And the peal that issueth from his mouth.  
3 Under the whole heavens is his flash,  
And his lightning unto the ends of the earth.  
4 After it pealet the voice ;  
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty ;  
And there is no limit to them when his voice soundeth.  
5 God thundereth marvellously with his voice ;  
Great things doeth he, surpassing knowledge.  
6 Behold he saith to the snow—be !  
And on the earth it falleth :—  
To the rain—and it falleth—the rains of his might.  
7 Upon the labour of every man he putteth a seal,  
To the feeling of every mortal is his work,  
8 Even the brute-kind go into covert,  
And abide in their dwellings.  
9 From the utmost zone issueth the whirlwind,  
And from the arctic chambers, cold.  
10 By the blast of God the frost congealeth,  
And the expanse of the waters into a mirror.  
11 He also loadeth the cloudy-woof with redundancy :  
His effulgence disperseth the gloom.  
12 Thus revolveth he the seasons, in his wisdom,  
That they may accomplish whatever he commandeth them :  
13 Constantly in succession, whether for his judgment,  
Or for mercy, he causeth it to take place.

(*To be continued.*)

Art. II. *The Vision of Don Roderick.* A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4 to. pp. 122. price 15s. royal 1*l.* 10*s.* Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh; Longman and Co. 1811.

IT has long been a matter of debate, where Mr. Walter Scott's great strength lies. Some have observed that he is always shaggy and hirsute; and hence they have suspected, that if he would submit to the ceremony of being shorn, and adopt the neatness of the modern costume, he would be found like other men. Some, again, have taken notice, that all his stories are about Scotland; and have therefore conjectured that his muse was only a divinity of the mountains, and that if he could but be decoyed into level and open ground, many of his rivals would be more than a match for him. There certainly appeared to be some little room for these surmises; and occasionally they grew up to insinuation, assertion, and defiance. At length the experiment is made. Mr. Scott is either unconscious of having been indebted to any poetical spell, or relies upon the success it has secured to him and presumes he may now dispense with its aid. He ventures out in the classical dress of Spenser; and though he still takes the benefit of tradition, and chooses ground in Spain not dissimilar to his favourite holds in the north, yet he soon abandons these resources, and comes down into the open plains of narrative and declamatory poetry.

We hardly need say this experiment was hazardous. Within his own 'dread circle,' he knew that 'none could walk but he;' and he will probably repent that he ever quitted it. Without charging his *Vision of Don Roderick* with any positive defects, it is sufficient to compare it with his three principal poems, and pronounce it greatly inferior to them all. Not that we think it can possibly reduce the estimate of his poetical talents, among fair and considerate critics: for they have not valued him extravagantly before. They will perceive undeniable proofs of that genuine merit they have already been free to allow him, though not adorned and recommended to the public by the antiquities of the Border, or the charms of a popular romance. They will perhaps take into consideration his plea of haste; and may even admit the death of his friends the Lord President Blair and Lord Viscount Melville, as some extenuation of the failings they detect. At all events, they will give him credit for his facility; and will acknowledge it to be no common exploit, to write a poem in less time and with less labour, perhaps, than some orators bestow upon a speech. The public, we apprehend, will



not be quite so indulgent. They will be universally disappointed in the unreasonable expectation, of finding Mr. Scott always equal to himself. A man is not absolutely obliged, they will say, to publish a new poem immediately after the death of two old friends, especially if it has been written in haste, and is intended to be sold for fifteen shillings. With these complainers, it will require all Mr. Scott's talents to regain his ground by another romance.

Mr. Scott, however, has one sure card, which may perhaps retrieve the fortune of the publication, and keep him still at the top of the fashion. He has most happily struck in with the court-politics and popular passions of the day. Instead of adopting the mild and pacific tone, by which modern poetry as well as philosophy is distinguished, instead of deploring the calamities of war, exciting a sympathy with the sufferings of mankind, and invoking a just indignation against the wanton contentions of governments, he has taken up the ancient function of a bard, to celebrate military prowess, and set off pride, ferocity, and revenge. It is observable that this is the general tendency of his poems. Almost their only moral effect is, to inspire a passion for strife and violence, inducing a contempt for the insipid comforts of peaceful and civilized society, and a secret but decided preference for the times of lawless and sanguinary adventure. Here, however, he is not only a martial poet, but a ministerial partizan. The present poem is in effect a political declamation, inflammatory and antigallican; dealing out invective against our enemies and compliment to ourselves, with a liberality not inferior to the *Morning Post*. The chief favourites of the public, at this moment, Lord Wellington, Sir Wm. Beresford, and General Graham, are in fact the heroes of the work. Don Roderick and his vision are mere machinery; pageants in the triumphal procession which the poet has condescended to conduct. We are not much surprised to find Mr. Scott thus blending politics and poetry. He has always stationed himself on that side of Parnassus which commands a view of the Treasury, and has not scrupled, among other political services, to deviate from poetical propriety for the sake of violating moral decorum. To *exult* over the unnecessary, unprovoked attack upon a neutral and friendly nation, the seizure of its few ships, the plunder of its arsenal, and the ruin of its city, was an honour reserved, among poets, for Mr. Scott: and the place to give utterance to this magnanimous feeling, was a poetical romance of the sixteenth century! We may add, too, that his credit will of course suf-

fer nothing, by the appropriation of the profits, or a part of the profits, of this publication, to the laudable fund for relieving the Portuguese: though the poem is intended to appear at full length, we understand, in an excellent periodical work for which Mr. S. discovers a remarkable partiality, —the Edinburgh Annual Register.

The invasion and conquest of Spain by the Moors, is commonly attributed to the revenge of Count Julian, for the violence offered to his daughter Florinda by Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, whose battles he was then fighting in Africa. The tradition on which the present poem is founded is, that after the perpetration of this crime, but before the revolution which ensued, Don Roderick had the temerity to break open and explore a tower, in which he expected to find treasure, but the opening of which according to ancient prediction, would be ominous of the downfall of the monarchy; and saw there a graphical representation of these calamities by which his kingdom was shortly to be overwhelmed. The particulars of the tradition are amply stated by our author. He professes to extend this vision down to the present crisis, and to divide it into three periods, the first terminating with the settlement of the Moors in Spain, the second including the meridian era of the Spanish monarchy after their expulsion, and the third commencing with the perfidious encroachments of Bonaparte.

The Vision is prefaced by an Introduction, and terminated by a Conclusion, which are intended more particularly to connect this vision with the praises of the campaign in Portugal. The method of the introduction is, to invoke the mountains and torrents of Scotland for a strain to send over the sea to Lord Wellington; to which invocation, contrary to all experience, an answer is vouchsafed, and the minstrel is directed not to seek for it in Scotland, but in Spain. If his intention was to send Lord Wellington a poem in praise of his exploits, which appears to be the meaning of the words, '*thou givest our lyres a theme*,'—the subject of it might surely have been sought for in Spain or Portugal, without any supernatural intimation. If nothing more was intended, than to send the gallant general a poetical romance on any other subject, as the reward of his achievements, we must say there appears very little propriety in performing for the first time, as the poet tells us, the solemn preliminary rite of invocation. If there be any other sense in this introduction, it must be, that the poet does not ask for a subject, but for genius to adorn it; and if the answer to this application, was a direction to go to Spain, the wisdom of declining this piece of advice,

is much more obvious than that of offering it. On the whole, this poem is not very prepossessing; the import of it is ambiguous, and the execution laboured and heavy. The first stanza runs thus; and the reader will perceive from the concluding line, that though Mr. Scott's verses have adopted Spenser's uniform, they are nevertheless a sort of irregular troops, and are not over-scrupulous about breaking their ranks.

'Lives there a strain, whose *sounds of mounting fire*  
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,  
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,  
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?  
Such WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,  
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;  
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its *mood* could mar,  
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,  
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!'

The poem itself, however, begins rather auspiciously. It gives a midnight view of Toledo, where the tyrant is confessing himself to the archbishop in the cathedral. We have often observed, that whatever may be the cause of Mr. Scott's popularity, his chief real merit is the striking truth, the happy freedom, and the captivating beauty, of his descriptions. There is some little mistiness in the following picture, —the execution is hasty and unfinished, and the objects are not distinctly made out,—but, upon the whole, we think it is very masterly.

'Rearing their crests amid the cloudless skies,  
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,  
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,  
As from a trembling lake of silver white;  
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight  
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,  
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;  
All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow,  
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.  
All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide  
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp,  
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,  
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.  
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,  
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,  
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp.  
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen

And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders armed between' pp. 13. 14.

The next scene is also very striking, though we doubt whether it is exclusively Mr. Scott's. It represents the monarch at the confessional, by the light of a lamp which



is almost spent by the length of the interview. There is a remarkable falling off in the last part of the stanza; which, however just, is but a prosaic explanation of the preceding picture.

' Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,  
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd ;  
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,  
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.  
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,  
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,  
That mortal man his bearing should behold,  
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,  
Fear tame a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's look.'

Mr. Scott generally succeeds in the dramatic part of his poems. His dialogue, in this instance, is as spirited and striking as usual, though disfigured with antiquated words, and uncouth constructions. The king falters out a recital of his crimes, accompanied with divers excuses ; and on being reproached by his reverend confessor, and threatened with divine vengeance which there is little hope of averting by alms or penance, determines, in defiance of the archbishop's remonstrances, to enter the mysterious vault, and know the worst.

' Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall ;  
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,  
Of polished marble, black as funeral pall,  
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.  
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone  
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy  
For window to the upper air was none ;  
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry  
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.  
Grim centinels, against the upper wall,  
Of molten bronze, two statues held their place ;  
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,  
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.  
Moulded they seemed for kings of giant race,  
That lived and sinned before the avenging flood ;  
This grasped a scythe, that rested on a mace ;  
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,  
Each stubborn seemed and stern, immutable of mood.\*

These two giants, though full as amiable in appearance as the 'twin brothers' of Guildhall, are much less peaceable; for while the king and the priest are reading their names, the last sands in Time's hour-glass are spent, and

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\* This convenient word occurs here, as a rhyme, for the *third* time within the compass of seven stanzas.

Destiny forthwith batters down the wall with his mace. Through this breach there appears a visionary representation of Spain, and a succession of future events which are accompanied with corresponding noises. First is heard 'an unrepeatd female shriek,'—that of Florinda, we suppose, though we scarcely know how it should occur among future events.

'It seemed as if Don Roderick knew the call,  
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—  
Then answered kettle-drum and atabal,  
Gong-peal and cymbal clank the ear appal,  
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,  
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.  
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—  
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the Tocsin bell!"

Roderick is then made to witness and describe his own impending fate.

"By heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—  
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—  
Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!  
But never was she turned from battle-line:—  
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!  
Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine!—  
Rivers ingulph him!"—"Hush," in shuddering tone,  
The Prelate said; "rash Prince, yon visioned form's thy own."—  
Just then, a torrent crossed the flier's course;  
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;  
But the deep eddies whelmed both man and horse,  
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide.' p. 27.

A short, but lively description is given, of the country under the Moors.

'Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,  
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;  
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,  
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,  
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,  
And on the land as evening seemed to set,  
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or minaret.'

This 'pageant' passing away, Roderick beholds the conflicts of the Spaniards with the Moors for the recovery of their independence; and not understanding the use of gunpowder himself, naturally concludes that 'the fiends have burst their yoke,' on which the poet himself observes, rather extravagantly, that

'War a new and dreadful language spoke,—

Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.' p. 30.

The poet then describes the succeeding era of Spanish history, by strangely introducing into his vision of *real* scenes and events, two *allegorical* personages, of considerable merit in their way, but perfectly out of place here.

'This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,

And that was *Valour* named, this *Bigotry* was hight.' p. 31.

'Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,

In look and language proud as proud might be,

Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame,

Yet was that bare-foot Monk more proud than he ;

And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,

So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,

And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,

Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renowned,

Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kissed the ground.'

After some happy allusions to the principal features of the age, its foreign discoveries and domestic persecutions, our magician shifts the scene, displays the peaceful amusements of the peasantry, and again brings in his apparition *Valour*, lying at a lady's feet, and his apparition *Bigotry* with a book in which he 'pattered a task of little good or ill.' He then notices the introduction of the French troops into this quiet scene, which he finely compares to the cloud seen by *Elijah*.

'As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand

When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,

Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,

Awhile, perchance, bedecked with colours sheen,

While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,

Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,

Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,

And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud—

Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howled aloud ;—

'Even so upon that peaceful scene was poured,

Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,

And He, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,

And offered peaceful front and open hand ;

Veiling the perjured treachery he planned,

By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,

Until he won the passes of the land ;

Then, burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties !

He clutched his vulture-grasp, and called fair Spain his prize.'

pp. 37, 38.



The most popular part of the poem is now to come, in which all the bad qualities of the French ruler are depicted in the blackest hues. The following stanza is likely to be the favourite, and has certainly a degree of merit, though we are not sure that it is strictly just.

‘ From a rude isle his ruder lineage came :  
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel’s hearth  
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,  
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.  
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—  
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,  
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,  
And by destruction bids its fame endure,  
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.’ p. 36.

It may be doubted whether Bonaparte’s origin was so remarkably mean; or, if it was, whether his character is much more detestable, on that account, than if like Nero, Domitian, or Roderick, he had been the descendant of a dozen or more of kings. Nor is that soul of tremendous and infernal energy, particularly analogous to a swamp. Neither is it perfectly certain, that his conquests may not prove like a more genial and benignant inundation, which after tearing down inveterate obstacles to improvement, and sweeping away the accumulated nuisances and corruptions of ages, may indeed cover the land for a while with unsightly wrecks and a piteous desolation, but eventually subside, and give birth to an unexampled prosperity.

Mr. Scott now calls in another spectre, and again confounds a vision of allegory, with a vision of fact.

‘ Before that Leader strode a shadowy form ;  
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor shew’d,  
With which she beckoned him through fight and storm,  
And all he crushed that crossed his desperate road,  
Nor thought, nor feared, nor looked on what he trode ;  
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,  
So oft as e’er she shook her torch abroad—  
It was **AMBITION** bade his terrors wake,  
Nor deigned she, as of yore, a milder form to take.’ pp. 39, 40.

The following stanza contains some trite invective, in a new and forcible form.

‘ The ruthless Leader beckoned from his train  
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,  
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,  
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, “ Castile !”  
Not that he loved him—No !—in no man’s weal,  
Scarce in his own, e’er joyed that sullen heart ;  
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,  
That the poor puppet might perform his part,  
And be a sceptered slave, at his stern beck to start.’ pp. 41, 42.

At last, Valour is roused and bursts his bands like 'the awakening Nazarite.' The general insurrection is then detailed, and the ever-memorable defence of Zaragoza duly extolled. The bombardment of Gerona is painted with Mr. Scott's usual force.

————— 'O'er their heads the air  
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;  
Now thicker darkening where the mine was sprung,  
Now briefly lightened by the cannon's flare,  
Now arched with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,  
And reddening now with conflagration's glare,  
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.' p. 48.

At length Don Roderick, who has been very attentive to Mr. Scott's vision all this while, though Mr. Scott has seldom been very attentive to him, hears the English huzza, which, with a politic eye to the gallery critics, the poet has thus celebrated.

'Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,  
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,  
Whene'er her soul is up and pulse beats high,  
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,  
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light.' p. 49.

The landing of the troops, and the various kinds of force are described with great animation.

'A various host they came—whose ranks display  
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,  
The deep battalion locks its firm array,  
And meditates his aim the marksman light;  
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,  
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,  
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,  
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,  
'That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed' p. 51.

A complimentary stanza is appropriated to each of the three British nations; and then the several battles in which they have distinguished themselves should be duly set forth, but the bard seems at last to have some scruples about the propriety of mixing truth with fiction, and most abruptly dissipates the whole vision, king, prelate, and all, to make room for his Conclusion, or what he calls,

'One note of pride and fire, a patriot's parting strain.'

This parting strain, we are sorry to say, is so full 'of tumult and of flame,' so big and burly, that we should hardly succeed in selecting any passage as worthy of admiration. Perhaps the only exception is the following sentence, which will obtain but little credit with those, who know the character of the lowest of the soldiery, even in an army of Englishmen.

'The rudest centinel, in Britain born,  
With horror paused to view the havoc done,  
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,  
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasped his gun.' p. 61.

The greater part of this Conclusion, however, is much in the manner of those insufferable commendations which bring up the rear of an official despatch, enriched also with much of that blustering defiance and declamatory panegyric which we find in the next column of a ministerial print. The reader may perhaps wish to see a short specimen of what, when seen, he may think proper to denominate *fustian*.

'Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,  
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;  
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,  
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave  
Mid yon far western isles, that hear the Atlantic rave.  
Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,  
To give each Chief and every field its fame:  
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,  
And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME!'

Or let him take this.—

'Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,  
If I forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!' p. 66.

In all this, however, we find not a word of praise to the merit, or pity for the fate of him, whose life was poured forth by the improvident eagerness of his country, in defending a bigotted, inhospitable, ungrateful people, because they were too stupid to defend themselves. Amidst all this clamorous applause, the poet has not a single farewell or benediction to leave upon the grave of his good, his gallant countryman, Sir John Moore! Is it possible, then, that Mr. Walter Scott should entertain a sentiment still stronger than that of national pride?—and is it possible, too, that this stronger sentiment should be that of party-spirit?

In every other instance, we think, the land of his birth is sufficiently evident. We hardly know what the Irish scholar will say to the sly insinuation of superior antiquity on the part of the Scottish nation, which he may be inclined to suspect in the following verse,

'Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet,' p. 9;

or what the Irish soldier will say to the still less equivocal and very extraordinary assertion, in another part of the poem,

'But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave,  
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid.' p. 52.



Having freely animadverted on the leading features of this poem, in the course of the preceding analysis, we shall only add a few general observations. It will occur to every reader, that the plan is extremely objectionable. The tradition itself might have formed the basis of a very interesting and beautiful poem; and as far as Mr. Scott has adhered to his subject with any tolerable degree of fidelity, he has clearly proved his competence to the task. But as he was determined upon warping this theme to a purpose of popular and transient interest, he has produced a work more defective and unsatisfactory than any entire poem that ever came from the hand of genius. The beginning of it, however striking and poetical, is only made use of as an introduction to the middle; and it absolutely closes, without coming to any end. For a time, we really feel for Don Roderick; and can almost forgive and admire the unaccountable phantasmagoria which reveal his fate. But when the poet entirely turns away from him, and gives us a metrical history of transactions which were only recorded the other day in the newspapers, the outrage upon common sense and propriety becomes perfectly intolerable: and when at last he shoves Don Roderick abruptly out of doors, and confesses that he has only been playing a trick upon us which he is ashamed of himself, we cannot help demanding, with some little spleen, why he did not think of this before he began. In fact we know of nothing so grossly unnatural and *impossible* as this vision, according to Mr. Scott's manner of conducting it, except that monster of absurdity, the Columbiad of Joel Barlow.\* All the prodigies of Kehama are absolutely *credible*, in comparison with this palpable fiction of Mr. Scott's. Our attention to them, is never suffered to relax; we constantly sympathize with the prominent characters of the tale; no plain, tangible facts are introduced, to form a contrast to the imaginary scenes through which we are conducted, and awake us from the transporting dream; the poet himself is absorbed in it, and never mocks us for being the dupes of his art, by reminding us that he is a Briton, and an admirer of Lord Wellington. Mr. Scott makes one or two attempts, we own, to recall our attention to the king and the archbishop; but they are become quite strangers, when we have heard the British huzza; and we begin to wonder at their presence. Instead of Roderick being genuine flesh

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\* See *Ecl Rev* Vol. VI. p 403

and blood, and all the British and French forces, Lord Wellington and Bonaparte only spectres, we feel that these are the true men, and therefore Don Roderick must be no better than a ghost. It is quite needless, by that time, for the poet to step in and acknowledge his imposture.

We have fully proved, by a liberal selection of the best passages of the poem, that its execution is often very meritorious. Its chief fault, in the other parts, is the loose and loquacious style of expression. Instead of the terseness and concinnity of a poem, it has all the inflation and verbosity of an harangue. We are pleased indeed to observe, that where Mr. Scott comes out most decidedly in the character of a political pamphleteer, he most clearly forfeits that of a poet.

Our author's diction stands almost as much in need of a glossary, as in any former work. And to do him justice, we must allow, that he never creates a difficulty in his text by the use of obsolete and foreign words, but he supplies a most copious explication of it in his notes. The wonder is, how Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, should have been understood, without any of those useful additaments.

In the management of the stanza, we think Mr. Scott obviously inferior to his countryman Campbell; though his fluency and ease of versification, partly atone for the want of sweetness and finish. His alexandrines are often extremely awkward. We have already noticed one, in which the reader must have the indulgence to pronounce the word 'victory' as a monosyllable, to prevent the line being perfectly disgusting. It is hardly possible that the following, however, can be rendered tolerable, by any such friendly artifice.

'They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.' p. 47.

This is properly one of our old fourteens; it has a genuine ballad cadence, and according to modern usage should be printed thus,—

'They won not Zaragoza, but  
Her children's bloody tomb.'

We cannot possibly excuse such a presumptuous innovation as this:

'Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure.' p. 4.

If we have not treated this poem with any particular ceremony, it is because we have no great respect for the tendency of it. We have already hinted our objections both to its particular purpose and general character; but we cannot persuade ourselves to conclude, without being a little more explicit.

We disapprove of a poem in praise of the war in the peninsula: not from an indifference to the fate of the wretched inhabitants, or the military merit of Lord Wellington, but because the public mind is already sufficiently excited in favour of both, and requires not that they should be adorned, to stimulate its passions,—or consecrated, to justify its excesses,—by the mystical fascination of poetry. Our anxiety for the deliverance of the Spaniards and Portuguese, is not less fervid, than if it only sprung from a fear of Bonaparte. Far from looking on with insensibility while their liberties and rights are trodden down, we should rejoice to see them emancipated from oppression; and still hope they may finally escape, not only from the scourge of a foreign tyranny, but from the sceptre of a domestic despotism. Our abhorrence of the outrages of Bonaparte is not less deep and solemn, we are sure it is not less honourable and virtuous, than if it were confined within geographical lines, or prescribed by treaties and manifestoes. We do not extenuate perfidy and oppression in Spain because we detest it in Bengal. But the people of England already feel as much interested for the fate of the peninsula, as would be at all reasonable, while the prevailing character of its inhabitants affords so precarious a hope that any exertions in their favour would prevail. Neither is it in the smallest degree necessary for a poet to undertake the trouble, of preparing a wreath for the brows of Lord Wellington. The idolatry to which mankind are excited by their admiration of military skill, is of all others the most extravagant and dangerous. There is no species of success which is scrutinized with so little rigour, or rewarded by such a disproportionate celebrity. The importance of the interests which a victorious chief is supposed to protect, the grandeur of the power he exerts, and the popular passions he gratifies, unite to invest him in the public eye with a splendour the most fascinating and irresistible. It is not a mere newspaper extravagance, which already speaks of Lord Wellington as being 'idolized' and 'adored.' Far be it from us to depreciate his undoubted talents, or to detract from the importance of services, which however can only be estimated by the event. But the reputation of Lord Wellington is identified with the influence of a party; a party, not the least formidable to the rights and liberties of their country,—by no means distinguished for a pacific and economical policy,—but at least suspected, of an arbitrary spirit and ambitious views. A party like this might be enabled, by a train of military success, to obtain an authority not inferior to that of



Marlborough; to infatuate the people, to rule in the parliament, and dictate to the throne. With a periodical journal pretty forward in their cause, with a poet already employed at the Admiralty to celebrate their disastrous battles, and scatter laurels in the path of retreat; it hardly seems necessary, at least for the *public* good, that their ascendancy should be aided by Mr. Scott.

The moral tendency of this poem is perhaps worse than the political. We totally disapprove of a poem in celebration of war. The violent passions which are natural to us require no unnatural excitement. The pride, ferocity, and vindictiveness of man, his craving after strong sensations, and his delight in violent exertions, are already but too impetuous for his happiness. To allay, not exasperate, these dangerous principles, is the great duty of a poet. It is his function, to inspire milder sentiments, to present objects of purer desire, and means of more innocent gratification. He is at once to subjugate the animal, while he develops the spiritual faculties. We lament that no influence of this sort is to be found in the poems of Mr. Scott. They are exquisite delineations—of a fierce and licentious age: they captivate the fancy with beautiful scenes, and excite the passions by striking events; but at the same time they reconcile us to the manners they illustrate, and assimilate us to the characters they describe. The moral sentiment is in strict unison with the subject; and befits a minstrel of the sixteenth, much better than a poet of the nineteenth century. Without adverting to any of the numerous instances that might be cited from his former works, we shall only notice one remarkable passage in the poem before us. It is distressing to observe with what coolness—we might rather say with what satisfaction and delight—a British poet can work up a description of cruelties that make ‘each particular hair to stand on end.’ We are persuaded none of our readers can peruse it without shuddering.

—————‘ With blade and brand,  
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,  
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band  
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,  
And claimed for blood the retribution due,  
*Probed the hard heart, and lopt'd the murderous hand;*  
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw,  
Midst ruins they had made the spoilers' corpses knew!’ pp. 45, 46.

Surely our national character is not yet so brutalized, as to relish a description like this. Surely we are not yet so hardened by border tales, or maddened by political animosity,

as thus to exult over scenes of midnight massacre, thus to gloat, as it were, upon mangled bodies, and revel in human blood!

Nothing is more difficult than to ascertain the *specific value*, if we may so express it, of a given portion of popularity. This is a point not to be determined by the quantity, but the quality; not by the number of editions, but by the taste of readers. If merit were to be decided on the democratic plan, by universal, unbiassed suffrage, and the most numerous class of judges were undeniably the best, no doubt many a caricaturist would take his place above Raphael, many a maker of glees above Haydn, and many an inditer of ballads above Milton. The object of poetry, is certainly to please; but that is the best poetry, which gives the highest, most rational, and most permanent kind of pleasure; which pleases those who are most conversant in poetry, and whose faculties have been exercised, and whose taste (in their own opinion at least) improved, by study and cultivation. We cannot pretend to ascertain what sort of readers form the great support of Mr. Scott's celebrity. It would be easy to *assert*, that they are only the young and ill-educated; and his admirers might reply, with an equal impossibility of proving the fact, that they consisted of all the learned and refined spirits of the age. We think it may be plausibly conjectured, however, that the poetry which pleases, at first, to the widest extent, is that which is peculiarly adapted to please the lower and larger class of understandings. To gratify ordinary minds, it is obviously necessary to write to the faculties which are nearly common to all; to represent objects familiar to the senses, to declare those plain obvious truths, to express those customary sentiments, and depict those coarser modifications of the passions, which are at once comprehended and realized by every individual. A poem of higher quality is not at first relished by the multitude, because it wants these essential recommendations. In due time, however, the terms of precedence are settled. The plebeians of the literary common-wealth become weary of their favourite; his merits having been all perceived at first sight, scarcely invite or endure examination; his faults are scrutinized and exposed by severer judges, till they become plain to the most indulgent: and those who still resist argument, gradually yield to authority. The better kind of performance has a happier fate. Its beauties reveal themselves, in time, even to the obtuser faculties; the public are gradually taught to understand and admire;

till the tide even of popular opinion turns, and it is loudly celebrated where it is neither relished, comprehended, nor read. There is more than one sense, in which Mr. Scott is a popular writer; and though his poetry must always retain a very respectable rank, it will be considerably reduced, we think, below its present station, by the inevitable operation of time.

The undue continuance of its popularity, would be not only discreditable, but injurious to the public. As long as it rages, the classic poets of the language must be in a measure undervalued and neglected; their delicate charms make no impression on minds familiar with his coarseness and barbarism. But what we should most deprecate and lament, is the transference of the public homage from works of reason, sentiment, and imagination, to works of fiction; in short, from poetry to romance. In comparing him with the other poets of the day, he appears not so much of a lower order, as of a different kind. The pleasure we derive from their writings, is essentially distinct. They introduce us to a new region. Instead of being driven back three or four centuries, to contemplate brutal deeds and vulgar passions, we are summoned to a superior sphere.

Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit  
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

VIRG.

A deep unutterable pathos, an heroic and magnanimous enthusiasm; a calm and pensive delight in the contemplation of nature, and a softening sympathy with all sentient beings; magnificent abstractions, and mystic dreams; a touching melancholy, a fervid zeal, an ardent piety, and a melting tenderness; a creation of diversified beauty and dazzling splendor; an acute developement of human character, and a morality the most lofty and sublime; these are some of the elements of that world of contemporary poetry, for which we gladly abandon all the adventures and superstitions of the border. Even the most exceptionable of the poetry we allude to, will assist the refined and aspiring thinker to rise above the vulgarities of life. It may offend him with a certain portion of what is wild, unnatural, and absurd; but will furnish sentiments he must rejoice to imbibe, and excite conceptions the most elevated and transporting. The sphere of his existence will be immeasurably enlarged. The whole expanse of possibility will be laid open to him. Larger views, finer feelings, and mightier faculties, a nobler race of beings,



a more copious and glorious world, will become accessible to the excursions of his thought, and delight his retired meditations. And if he has learnt to convert all his attainments to the wisest use, he will feel the dignity of his spiritual nature, will exult in the tried expansiveness of his powers, and realize that invisible system in which at times he had hardly been able to believe.

Art. III. *Refutation of Calvinism*; in which the Doctrines of Original Sin, Grace, Regeneration, Justification, and universal Redemption, are explained, and the peculiar Tenets of Calvin upon those points are proved to be contrary to the Scriptures, to the Writings of the ancient Fathers of the Christian Church, and to the public formularies of the Church of England. By George Tomline, D.D. F.R.S. Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean of St. Paul's, London. Svo. pp. 590, Price 12s. Cadell and Davies, Rivingtons, &c. 1811.

THE fate of Calvinism, in this country, has been rather remarkable. In the infancy of our ecclesiastical establishment, its most distinguished members embraced the doctrines of that system, if not in their most rigorous, at least in their milder form; and never mentioned the name of Calvin without paying homage to superior talents, ennobled and adorned with piety and virtue. The violent opposition of the Puritans to our religious polity, induced James the First to renounce the principles to which he had professed perpetual and inviolable attachment. Many of the dignitaries of the church followed the example of the sovereign. The zeal and diligence of these men, in favour of the new tenets they had espoused,—the part which the Presbyterians and Independents acted in our civil wars—and, above all, the bold and successful efforts of the latitudinarian divines and their successors, to reduce the fundamental principles of religion to a very few simple and generally acknowledged articles, and support them by the deductions of reason rather than the authority of revelation, silently effected a thorough revolution in the religious persuasion of the clergy. At length, from the pulpit and the press, from the professor's chair and the bishop's throne, learned and dignified sons of the church rejected, impugned, and loaded with every term of reproach, the doctrines which she had explicitly avowed in her articles, expatiated upon in her homilies, and industriously interwoven with her very forms of devotion.

The discourses of a semipagan spirit and character substituted, in consequence of this change, for the evangelical sermons of her martyrs and confessors, were, by and by, discovered to possess but little efficacy, in reclaiming the pro-

fligate, in rousing the indifferent, or in keeping alive the spirit of devotion. Her enemies began to triumph; while some of her members attempted to justify, and her more eminent prelates concurred to lament, this general and pernicious defection. Almost in our own recollection, a race of men, professing to adhere to her genuine doctrines, and to revive the spirit of her original founders, arose, who were assailed, from all quarters, by the various weapons of reasoning, misrepresentation, invective, ridicule, and abuse. Though at first patient, these men were at last roused to defend themselves: they replied that they merely inculcated the doctrine they had solemnly promised to maintain; and ventured to inquire, whether for this good work they deserved to be stoned. The answers to this defence, though of a very discordant nature, were highly curious and even amusing. Some maintained, that, though the formularies of the church, in their literal and original meaning, were favourable to the tenets of these methodists or Calvinists, yet, like every thing human, they were subject to the despotism of time, and had, in the course of years, acquired a sense utterly irreconcilable with the absurd, enthusiastical, nonsensical, blasphemous interpretations that were now attempted to be given them. Others alledged, that, as the belief of the articles was by no means supposed in those who subscribed them, (these articles not having been framed for 'the establishing of consent touching true religion,' but for the suppression of a few pestilent sectaries,) a man was not the more to be justified for inculcating opinions agreeable to the doctrine of the church, unless these opinions had, at the same time, the support and concurrence of reason. A third party, who agreed with the two former in stigmatizing the revivers of the ancient doctrine as Calvinists, methodists, enthusiasts, and so forth, pretended that the church was decidedly hostile to the sentiments of Augustin and Calvin, even in their least exceptionable form; and that, in propagating contrary tenets, they were merely her instruments, expressing the genuine and original sense of her articles, homilies, and liturgy. To this class belongs his Lordship of Lincoln; and in support of it he has been at immense labour in compiling the large volume on which we now propose to make some animadversions.

The plan on which this work is put together, though rather agreeable to the fashion, seems liable to considerable objections. Though it consists of eight chapters, only four of them, making about half the volume, are original composition. Besides that this part might have been very much compressed without any detriment to the argument, the

whole body of extracts might have been entirely omitted. If a clear and impartial account of Calvin's tenets, as adopted by his followers in this age, had been interwoven with the refutation, and it had been fairly made out, that, as held by them, these tenets are at variance with the doctrine of scripture and the church, most persons would have been perfectly satisfied, without being put to the fatigue of labouring through three hundred pages of extract, which most unfortunately, too, is in many instances very immaterial to the points in dispute. His Lordship's part of the work is, therefore, unnecessarily dilated, and the authorities with which he has so prodigiously augmented its bulk, contribute very little to his purpose; since, instead of being inserted in the body of the book to illustrate or confirm the text, they are all thrown confusedly together, and it is entirely a matter of conjecture, to which part of his statement or reasoning he intended any particular extract should be applied.

Among notorious delinquents, he who discovers the least degree of perverse and mischievous feeling, is, perhaps, intitled to a share of commendation. On this ground, his Lordship, compared with the vulgar assailants of the 'Calvinistic or evangelical' doctrine, merits the praise of liberality, and moderation. In proof of this we may alledge, among others, the following sentences. 'It must be acknowledged that Calvin was a man of piety and of considerable talents and attainment.\*' 'These doctrines have been adopted and maintained by some persons eminent for their learning, and in high stations in the church.†' 'I am most ready to allow that many Calvinists have been pious and excellent men; and I am fully satisfied that there are in these days zealous Christians of that persuasion, who would be among the first to deplore any evil which might befall our constitution in church or state‡.' This looks well; and if his Lordship's example should prove contagious, affords the hope of better days. We may expect that those, who are only guilty of adhering to the doctrine of our Hookers, our Halls, and our Ushers, will be treated, if not as men of great discernment, at least as persons of unquestionable piety and exemplary virtue.

The merit of his Lordship, after all, is but comparative. He must be considered through the whole of this learned volume, as beating the air, as fighting a shadow, or it will be almost impossible, we fear, to acquit him of unfairness and disingenuity. Every person at all acquainted with the writings of modern Calvinists, knows, that they do not adopt Calvin's

\* P. 541.

† P. 283.

‡ P. 284.



system in all its peculiarities and to its full extent. They assert, as his Lordship very prudently insinuates, 'that their system of Calvinism is not to be judged of by the doctrines of Calvin himself; that they profess a sort of moderate Calvinism; Calvinism reduced and qualified; purged of its most offensive tenets, and retaining only those which are less revolting to reason and common sense, and less derogatory to the perfections of the Deity.\* To impugn Calvinism, therefore, as explained in the writings of the reformer, is egregious trifling. His Lordship authorizes us himself to say, that the modern advocates of the system disavow its most exceptionable features. Why then is it Calvinism in its most obnoxious form, Calvinism exaggerated and even caricatured, that he has here attempted to refute? Indeed this mode of attack, it is evident, is worse than useless. So far from having any tendency to reclaim his Lordship's Calvinistic contemporaries, from what he holds up as a dangerous and pernicious heresy, it will rather serve to confirm their persuasion, that what they believe is true:—the enemy has refused to meet them on their own ground, and there at least they are safe. Nor will they fail to improve this suspicious circumstance to the discredit of his Lordship and his coadjutors. "If it was for the purpose," they will say, "of guarding the simple and unstable against the infection of fatal error, of recovering us from delusion, and confirming us in the doctrine of scripture, and not of bringing odium on our persons, and suspicion on our character, Why does he all along argue as if we believed articles, which, he acknowledges, we disavow? Why does he attribute to us principles which we abhor? Why has he not the honesty to state, that, though we maintain a total depravity of human nature, in consequence of the fall, we suppose it consists in the perversion not in the destruction of the faculties?—that we represent the influence of the Holy Spirit as certain, rather than as irresistible in its effects; since, operating on the will itself, and whatever is capable of opposition, it brings them into captivity to the obedience of Christ?—that the change of views and dispositions we denominate regeneration, and deem essential to the enjoyment of eternal life, is such a revolution as includes "putting off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and putting on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness"?—that while we believe we are justified by faith without the works of the law, we at the same time describe the faith by which we obtain this invaluable blessing, as naturally fruitful of good works, which, we add, are the only suffi-

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\* P. 569.

cient evidence of its being in our possession?—and, finally, that, if we consider the Supreme Being as the disposer of human destinies, he also appears to us, as scattering blessings, and withholding his hand agreeably to the views of his infinite understanding; as bending his creatures into a compliance with his purposes, by motives, which though certain in their operation, impair not the liberty, nor infringe on the responsibility of moral agents; and as adjusting and directing the successive as well as simultaneous events of time, so as to raise an harmonious universal song to the praise of his own attributes, from the order and happiness of his creation? We have therefore to complain of a gross and injurious misrepresentation of our system. Without the courage to give a fair account of our opinions, this Prelate has had the confidence to attribute to us doctrines which we reprobate, and charge us with consequences which no man has seriously and honestly deduced from our principles.”

It is not to be concealed, that those who are pressed by the authority of reason to renounce their errors, but who are yet determined to retain them, frequently justify their obstinacy by complaining of an adversary's unfairness. And this, perhaps, might be supposed the case in the present instance, —were it not for two circumstances, which we apprehend will induce all impartial and unprejudiced persons to admit that the foregoing remonstrance is by no means unfounded.

The first of these circumstances is a striking *inconsistency* in the reasoning, both of Dr. Tomline, and other enemies of the modern Calvinists. At one time we are taught to believe, that these Calvinists are the most innocuous beings in the world. Such, it is averred, are their views of human nature, of divine providence, and the privileges of true Christians, that they must of necessity pass their lives in a state of total inactivity, making no efforts for their own safety or that of their fellow creatures. No mischief can be apprehended from them: their errors, be they what they may, must be confined to themselves, and are not at all likely to outlive them. When other views, however, are to be answered, we find these harmless religionists, all of a sudden, endowed with a powerful and inexhaustible energy. In town and country, at home and abroad, they appear intent on nothing but making proselytes. Immense crouds attend upon them, whether they preach in the church or the conventicle; and, so far as regards the appearance of devotion and virtue, they seem models worthy of general imitation. Both these accounts cannot be true. The Calvinists cannot be at once indolent and active;—at once devoid of all energy and diligence, and the

most zealous and efficient men in the nation;—without any concern for themselves, at no pains to secure their salvation, and, at the same time, unwearied in the use of those means that are calculated to promote it. We are aware it is alledged, that, under this *appearance* of zeal and goodness, they in reality conceal a depraved heart, and a vicious life—they are destitute of all the virtues that enter into the Christian character. But where is the proof of all this? Or how, even if true, could it possibly be known to these accusers? They confessedly stand aloof from the odious hypocrites. They are ignorant of their private life. It is not for them to penetrate the veil of their prayers, and devotions, and charities, and detect the workings of a corrupt mind.

The second of the circumstances alluded to, is a positive *unfairness* of statement. His Lordship's performance, indeed, contains several instances of misrepresentation so gross and palpable, that we hardly know how to attribute them to inadvertence. Mr. Overton having had occasion, in making an apology for his brethren, to reprobate, as inconsistent with the doctrine of the church, such expressions as the following: 'We are safe under the shadow of God's wings, 'so long as we endeavour to deserve his favour;'—'natural 'virtue may be insufficient to serve as the ground of a 'strict claim upon God; but it may nevertheless be a great 'recommendation to God;'—'whatever our tenets may be, 'nothing can afford us comfort at the hour of death, but 'the consciousness of having done justice, loved mercy, and 'walked humbly with our God;—his Lordship says, 'We might surely be *authorized to conclude*, that evangelical preachers do *not* inculcate a regular attendance upon divine ordinances, an uniform practice of religious precepts, repentance, good works, obedience to the moral law, holiness of living, abhorrence of vice, justice, mercy, and humility.\* Does not his Lordship know, that in drawing this conclusion he reasons in opposition to the habitual practice of these preachers? Is he to be told, that duties and virtues may be powerfully enforced without being represented as meritorious in the sight of God? Has he read the articles and homilies? Can he have observed the deep attention with which these heralds of the gospel are listened to by their stated hearers,—or have perused their ethical discourses? Can he have heard of Mr. Gisborne?—The following extract, also, deserves attention, as exhibiting very strikingly the manner in which his Lordship states the opinions of his antagonists.

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\* P. 176.



'Regeneration of those, who are already baptised, by the forcible operation of the Spirit, is one of the doctrines, by which the weak credulity of unthinking persons is imposed upon in the present times. It is a dangerous illusion, calculated to flatter the pride and indolence of our corrupt nature. It is an easy substitute for that "Godly sorrow which worketh repentance;" for that real amendment of life which consists in mortifying our carnal lusts, in forsaking "the sin which doth most easily beset us," and in an active and conscientious endeavour to obey the revealed will of God. Men, who fancy that they have received this second birth, consider themselves full of divine grace, are too often regardless of the laws both of God and man, affect to govern themselves by some secret rules in their own breasts, urge the suggestions of the Spirit upon the most trifling occasions, and pretend the most positive assurance of their salvation, while perhaps they are guilty of the grossest immoralities, and are treading underfoot the son of God by the most palpable departure from the plain and simple rules of his pure and holy religion; or at least, by boasting of the peculiar favour of Heaven, they imitate the persons spoken of in the Gospel, who "trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." pp. 93, 94.

Without inquiring whether his Lordship does not feel a little elation of mind, arising from his superior wisdom and goodness, compared with these to whom he attributes these absurd opinions, we may confidently affirm, that a statement more pointedly at variance with the writings generally approved by the Calvinists, could not have been framed. It is the notorious doctrine of these writings, that the change of views and feelings which the Holy Spirit effects, without doing violence to the faculties of our nature, is the beginning of holy and virtuous life; that its reality is to be determined by the harmony of our dispositions and deportment with the dictates of sacred scripture; and that not only gross immoralities, but even a mere harmless life, as it is called, without the love of God, and of man, is incompatible with the existence of this important revolution—As other indubitable instances of wilful misrepresentation, we intended to mention the '*anxiety*,' which he attributes to Calvinistic ministers, '*to depreciate the importance of moral virtue*'—his representing them as '*encouraging vice and immorality, among their followers*'—and charging them with '*performing the duties of their ministry, both public and private, in a manner injudicious and mischievous in the extreme*\*: but not being willing to wound the feelings of our readers with a repetition what of many of them, no doubt, would regard as vulgar and refuted calumnies, we hasten to lay before them a few of the inconsistencies and contradictions,

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\* Pp. 182, 176, 177.

with which the right reverend author has plentifully stored his learned performance.

In explaining the following words of the liturgy, 'O God 'because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can 'do no good thing, without thou grant us the help of thy 'grace,' his Lordship says: 'I have only to observe, that the 'good thing,' here mentioned, must mean good in the sight of God: such an action our weak and unassisted nature will, unquestionably, not allow us to perform.'\* To the same purpose, in another place, he observes: 'The human mind is so weakened and vitiated by the sin of our first parents, that we cannot by our own natural strength, prepare it, or put it into a proper state for the reception of a saving faith, or for the performance of the spiritual worship required in the Gospel: this mental purification cannot be effected without divine assistance†. Again: 'The grace of God prevents us Christians, that is, it goes before, it gives the first spring and rise to our endeavours that we may have a good will: and when this good will is thus excited, the grace of God does not desert us, but it works with us when we have that good will.' 'It is acknowledged, that man has not the disposition, and consequently not the ability, to do what in the sight of God is good, till he is influenced by the Spirit of God'‡

This is a Christian bishop expressing the doctrine of scripture and the church. But when he tells us, that 'the gentiles, through the natural suggestions of their own minds, discharge the moral duties enjoined by the law of Moses;' that baptism "imparts the Holy Ghost to those who shall previously have repented and believed;" and that 'the impression which the truths of the gospel make upon the minds of men, depends upon the exercise of their own reason and free will;'§ he seems to be speaking a very different language. 'Regeneration signifies,' at one time, 'an inward effect produced by the Holy Ghost,'—and at another, it is 'an act performed upon individuals.'¶ The process in mere Heathens and nominal Christians must be nearly the same—and yet it is very different || It is the duty of Christian ministers to exhort those who, though they may be styled Christians, are yet destitute of a Christian principle, to be renewed in the spirit of their mind, to be transformed by the renewing of their mind, &c.; but it is unwarrantable to state to such persons, if they have been baptised, the necessity of being regenerated, 'of a sensible operation of the Holy Spirit effecting

\* Pp. 67, 68.

§ Pp. 8, 29, 14.

† P. 54.

|| Pp. 95, 84.

‡ P. 60, 61.

¶ Pp. 59, 86.



a total change in their hearts and dispositions.\* ‘The restoring those who have departed from the truth as it is in Jesus, is not called regenerating them, but renewing them again to repentance.’†

Of the same nature with these jarring statements, are the following sentences. ‘Faith stands in the place of uniform obedience.’‡ ‘There is, as it were, a mutual transfer of the sins of men to Christ, and of Christ’s righteousness to men.’ ‘Previous good works are certainly not necessary at the time justification is received.’|| ‘There are more passages in the Epistles which attribute justification to good works than to faith.’¶ ‘A man cannot obtain justification on both grounds, works and grace.’\*\* ‘There is no necessary connection between faith and good works.’†† ‘True faith produces good works as naturally as a tree produces its fruits.’‡‡ It would be tedious to multiply examples. From what has been adduced, it is obvious to infer, that the writer who is chargeable with such contradictions, is inadequate to discuss the subjects in dispute between the modern Calvinists and their antagonists.

He who shews so little mercy to himself, seems in a temper to fight with any thing, however sacred in its authority, or venerable from its antiquity. His Lordship, indeed, says, ‘Our church is not Lutheran, it is not Calvinistic, it is not Arminian, it is scriptural, it is built upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.’§§ This, however, is evidently an adroit manœuvre, to conceal his dislike to the real doctrine of the church, and crush his adversaries by the weight of so ancient and revered an authority. It seems due, therefore, to truth, to the honour of the church, to the character of those whom his Lordship’s book is intended to discredit,—to counteract the effect of this stratagem, by contrasting the doctrines of the church, which he declares are scriptural, with the crude and incoherent notions that we find him endeavouring to substitute in their room.

In attending to the following sentences, it is hardly possible to mistake the mind of the church on the nature of original sin, and the consequent corruption and impotence of human beings. ‘Man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil.’ ‘He can not turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength to faith and calling upon God.’ With these expressions of the articles, agree the following words of the homilies: ‘Of ourselves we

\* Pp. 86, 93.

|| P. 156.

†† P. 160.

† P. 86.

¶ P. 161.

§§ P. 590.

‡ P. 112.

\*\* P. 113.

§ P. 110.

†† P. 130.



'have no goodness.' 'Man of his own nature is without *any* spark of goodness, without any virtuous or goodly motion; only given to evil thoughts and wicked deeds.' But however scriptural the church may be in this, our author is notwithstanding of opinion, 'that there is *some* honesty, *some* goodness of heart, in the human race: there is at least a *degree* of righteousness in some men.\*' He even represents some of the expressions we just now quoted, as the figment of modern Calvinists †; and is sure the reformers 'were too well acquainted with scripture, and entertained too just notions of the character of moral responsible beings, to intend any such degradation of human nature.' ‡

In perfect harmony with the views of the articles and homilies on the corruption and impotence of man, is the doctrine of the church, on the nature and operation of the Holy Spirit. 'We have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will.' 'It is God that worketh in us both the will and the deed.' The church addresses God as 'the author of all godliness, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed.' Very different, however, is the account of our R. R. author; who represents 'the conversion of persons as owing to their own natural powers,'—'the graces and virtues, on which salvation depends, as the joint operation of the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost and of the natural power of man,'—and the gentile converts, as well as the Jewish, as 'expressing their faith in Christ before the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them.' §

His Lordship is equally dissentient on the subject of regeneration. While we are taught by the church, that 'baptism is a sign of regeneration,'—that 'they that do truly repent, must be clean altered and changed, and must become new creatures;' while she prays that her members may be 'raised from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness,' and that God would 'create in them, new and contrite hearts;' this prelate is convinced that regeneration is an act performed upon individuals,—not at all requisite in those who have been baptized, though they be corrupt in their hearts, and vicious in their lives ||. It is indeed 'proper' to call on such persons to repent and reform—to renew their minds—to be renewed in the spirit of their mind: but to insist, in such cases, on a total change of views and feelings, on the necessity

\* Pp. 14, 11,  
§ Pp. 23, 42, 25.

† P. 54.  
|| Pp. 92, 86.

‡ P. 55.

of a powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, renewing the heart, and turning it to God, would be pure extravagance\*.

The doctrine on which the reformers laid the greatest stress, it is well known, was that of justification by faith without the works of the law. Hence the church has been at great solicitude to set, in a clear and steady light, this important article. The language of the church is: 'We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings.' To prevent all mistakes about the nature of this faith, it is said: 'the true christian faith is not only to believe that holy scripture is true, but also to have a sure trust and confidence in God's merciful promises to be saved from everlasting damnation, by Christ; whereof doth follow a loving heart to obey his commandments:' and by this it is affirmed, we are justified; it is 'the mean whereby we must apply the fruits and merits of Christ's death unto us, so that it may work our salvation.' After this, comes Dr. Tomline, talking of procuring justification by faith and repentance,—of faith and obedience being the same thing,—of faith standing in the place of obedience,—of justification being attributed to good works,—and of endeavours to do their duty, recommending men to the favour of God †.

From this comparison, which it would be easy to enlarge, it is plain that his Lordship is very deeply infected with heretical pravity, and very far gone from the genuine creed of the church. It may now be worth while to consider how far the learned prelate has succeeded in fixing a charge of heresy, on the 'calvinistic or evangelical preachers;' since they may evidently dissent from him, and yet remain true to the established doctrine.

The progress of some opinions to maturity is slow and insensible; and is, to the philosopher, a matter of equal curiosity with the growth of animal or vegetable nature. Archbishop Laud, though he had a violent predilection in favour of anticalvinistic tenets, was yet content with imposing silence on the Calvinists. Bishop Burnet undertook to shew that, though the literal sense of the articles was evidently favourable to the Calvinistic doctrines, they yet admitted of such a latitude of interpretation, that those of opposite principles might subscribe them with a safe conscience. Finally, Dr. Kipling and the Bishop of Lincoln, have attempted to convince the world that the formularies of the church are decidedly hostile to Calvin's tenets;

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\* P. 93.

† Pp. 142, 112, 161, 174.

even in their mild and mitigated form. Now, though it is certainly the proper way in cases of this kind, to consider what has been, rather than what may be effected, yet several little circumstances occurred to us, on the mere mention of this project, which excited a strong suspicion that these learned persons were engaged in a desperate undertaking. The testimony of contemporary and subsequent historians—domestic and foreign—and of all parties—is explicit in affirming, that the founders of the church, the authors of the articles and homilies, had embraced the tenets of Augustin and Calvin. If this unanimous testimony were liable to suspicion, it might be confirmed by the declarations of the reformers themselves, and a reference to their public and private writings. In a petition, presented by the most moderate of the English protestants, to the Convocation that settled the articles, we meet with the precise and avowed doctrine of the modern Calvinists. It was the professed design of the celebrated Jewel, in his famous apology, to evince the agreement, in matters of faith, of the English church, with the Helvetic, German, and other reformed churches of the continent. With all this, the general as well as particular doctrines of the articles and homilies wonderfully accord. So commonly was it supposed that the doctrine of the church was that of Augustin, and so generally did the primitive members of the English reformed church lean to the tenets of Calvin, that the most minute and laborious inquiry has not been able to discover, for the first half century after its establishment, more than four or five theologians in its communion, who opposed the system of that eloquent reformer. The more eminent immediate successors of the reformers were themselves Calvinists: and strenuously maintained the Calvinism, both of the church, and her founders. Those of the clergy, who, in modern times, have renounced Augustin's doctrine have been, for the most part, unanimous in admitting the literal and obvious sense of the articles and homilies to be unfavourable to their principles; and have been perfectly contented with accounting for the bias of the reformers, in favour of the system, which they, for their own part, were compelled to discard.—All these things put together, led us to suppose, that no learning, no acuteness—not even the subtlety of Bossuet himself—could possibly make out the anticalvinism of the English church.

Confident assertions, however, and high-sounding words, have a tendency to make even sober persons distrust conclusions apparently legitimate. His Lordship's book is not an attempt to refute; it is 'a refutation;' and we are there-



fore placed under the necessity of reducing to the test of particular examination, the proofs which he employs to establish the heresy of the modern Calvinists. To begin with the corruption of human nature. Because some persons, in the reign of Charles the First, wished to alter the ninth article, his Lordship infers that this article is at variance with the creed of his opponents. Since, in the same article, it is said, that 'man, of his own nature inclineth to evil, so that 'the flesh always lusteth against the spirit,' the Calvinists, it seems, who pronounce that 'man of his own nature can perform nothing but evil', are insufferably heretical. And it being added, that 'this infection of nature doth 'remain in them that are regenerated,'—'it cannot be pretended,' says Dr. T. 'that this article gives any countenance to the Calvinistic notions of sinless obedience and unspotted purity in the elect;\* though, where he learnt that these notions were *Calvinistic* we are not informed. Having given such an explanation of the words of the ninth article as he thought proper, our learned author adds: 'We can by no means allow the inferences attempted to be drawn from them by modern Calvinistic writers, namely, that "of our own nature we are without any spark of goodness in us," and that man has no "ability or disposition whatever with respect either to faith or good works."† Now, to our dull intellects, there really appears no difference between this last expression, and the following words of his Lordship—'man has not the disposition, and consequently not the ability to do what in the sight of God is good;‡ and we are sure the expression he condemns is to be found in the homilies.

So similar, indeed, is the doctrine of the modern Calvinists to that of the church, that this learned dignitary, in the vehemence of his zeal, condemns them together, without once suspecting what he is doing. In attempting to prove the opposition of the church, on the subject of human weakness and divine influence, to the tenets of his adversaries, he betrays a total misapprehension of their principles, and argues against opinions which they would readily assist him to demolish. The same may be said of what he has written to prove them at variance with the doctrine of the church on the subject of regeneration. In treating of faith and good works, where he seems to have put forth all his strength, his arguments are lamentably inconclusive. Indeed in refuting the Calvinists he refutes himself. They will readily agree with him, that to be justified is to be accounted righteous in the sight of God,—that the procuring cause of

\* P. 51.

† P. 54.

‡ P. 61.

this blessing is not any goodness in us, but the merit of the Lord Jesus Christ,—that we obtain this blessing not by a barren belief of divine truth, but such a faith as is the source of devout feelings and virtuous actions,—and that of the existence of this faith, good works are the only sufficient and satisfactory evidence. But the misfortune is, that the R. R. author has a habit of forgetting his own positions. He entertains, in fact, a great reverence for the decisions of the church; and as it is hardly possible to mistake her mind on the subject of justification, while his attention is fixed on one topic, he keeps pretty clear of error. But he appears to have no compass of thought. He cannot take in the whole of a subject at a view. Hence he destroys with one hand and builds up with another. No sooner does the dispute begin to grow dusty, than he turns round to combat his own arguments; and in the eagerness to throw his antagonist, falls himself. He is, in short, a controversial suicide.

In considering whether the Calvinists of this age, express the mind of the church, in their notions of God's decrees, it should be remembered, that no inferences, deduced from passages which have no relation to this particular subject, can set aside the plain and obvious sense of the passages in which it is expressly treated. While this remark scatters the rubbish of argument, which his Lordship has so diligently piled up against his opponents, it confines our attention solely to the seventeenth article. Now, it may in some measure conduce to the decision of the question to observe, that the Calvinists would make use of the article without any alteration, as fully and fairly expressing their meaning; and that his Lordship would make use of words to express his notion of predestination, that convey (to us at least) a sense totally different from what the words of the article convey. Of the former assertion no proof seems necessary; the Calvinists professing to acquiesce in the literal sense of the words. Of the truth of the latter, it will, we think, satisfy all our readers, to set down the words of the article, followed by the words in which his Lordship expresses his sense of it. 'Predestination to life,' says the church, 'is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation, those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation.' 'But,' says his Lordship, 'Predestination to life is *not* an absolute decree of eternal happiness to certain individuals, but a gracious purpose of God, to make

a conditional offer of salvation to men.\* If we understand the meaning of words, this is not only contrary to the sense of the article, but irreconcilable with what he says a few lines before: 'Predestination to life, is here declared to be the eternal purpose of God, to deliver from curse and damnation, and to bring to everlasting salvation:—but who are to be thus delivered and saved? "Those whom God hath chosen in Christ out of mankind," that is, those to whom God decreed to make known the Gospel of Christ.' We might here, also, adduce the cautions added to this article, as indubitable proofs that the Calvinistic sense of it is literal and genuine, but we hasten to close this branch of the subject, by two very short extracts. 'It is not to be denied,' says Bishop Burnet, 'but that the article seems to be framed 'according to St. Augustin's doctrine. It is very probable, 'that those who penned it, meant that the decree was absolute.' 'The calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation,' avers Bishop Tomline, 'are not only not maintained in this article, but they are disclaimed and *condemned in the strongest terms*' †.

His Lordship having thus failed in establishing the hostility of the church to the tenets of modern Calvinists, perhaps our readers will not be surprised if it be added, that he has been equally unsuccessful in bearing them down by the authority of scripture. In attempting, however, to make good this assertion, let us not be misunderstood. We neither mean to insinuate that even moderate calvinism is incapable of refutation, nor undertake to defend the peculiarities of that system. We merely intend to shew that they are not refuted in the work before us.

It is unfortunate for this writer, that, in arguing against the Calvinistic notion of human corruptions, he proves too much. His argument obviously supposes, that man is, in every sense, able to comply both with the precepts of the law and the exhortations of the gospel. It proves, as he uses it, that man is not at all corrupt. How greatly soever this may embarrass his Lordship, who seems to think that a total aversion to do the will of God, would form a proper excuse for disobedience, it does not in the least affect the modern Calvinists; who cannot persuade themselves, that the more wicked and perverse accountable beings are, the more they are exempt from the controul of divine authority. They believe, indeed, that human nature is incorrigible so long as it is left to itself. But when God prevents us by his grace, when he operates by his spirit on the mind, the cor-

\* P. 266.

† P. 269.



rupt heart is made whole, the vitiated nature is purified. Although they think it certain, that those who are regenerated and purified will enter into the kingdom of God, they are not so absurd as to imagine that this will be effected without their caution and diligence; nor can they perceive how the instances of corrected human beings, mentioned in the scriptures, or the exhortations and warnings addressed in the Epistles to Christians, are at all inconsistent with their principles. If, in short, they are allowed to insist on a change of views and feelings as essential to the Christian character, and indispensable to the enjoyment of future happiness, they will leave it to his Lordship to consume to his time, in ascertaining whether it shall be styled regeneration, or repentance, or reformation, or renewing of the mind.

The great error, we are told, of the modern Calvinists, and of Mr. Overton in particular, on the subject of justification, lies in confounding together, justification and salvation. This confusion, we believe, is not to be found in their books. On this subject, we must say, they discover much greater perspicuity than our R. R. author. Justification, in their view, is but a branch of the great salvation. They consider man as guilty and depraved. To meet his necessities in the first case, the gospel, they say, proposes the remission of sins, and acceptance into the favour of God—which they call justification; and as adapted to him in the second case, they affirm that the Holy Spirit is afforded to renew the heart, and effectually to assist him in the performance of his duty. Agreeably to this, they assert that we must not only enter, but continue, in a state of justification by faith alone—not by the virtue of good works: since, as our author himself instructs us, ‘a claim from works, and grace through faith, are incompatible;’ and ‘Christians are taught, after they have done all, to rely humbly and solely upon the merits and mediation of their blessed Redeemer, for acceptance at the throne of grace.’\* With this branch of the common salvation, they represent the other—a renewed and purified mind—as indissolubly connected; and are not, therefore, like the writer before us, guilty of making the part totally different from the whole of which it is a part, or of making a thing turn on itself.

As the modern Calvinists reject the doctrine of reprobation, the reasoning of our dignified author, to prove that the future punishment of the wicked is the just reward of their present disobedience, will have their concurrence: and since he maintains that a certain number are pre-ordained to enjoy eternal happiness, the only thing they will contest with him, is, whether this purpose is the cause of the happiness of such

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\* Pp. 110, 113.

individuals, or their qualification for the happiness the cause of the purpose. Although he supports the negative of the former, and the affirmative of the latter inquiry, yet (if we except, to say the least, some very forced and unnatural explanations of certain passages of scripture on which the Calvinists found their doctrine,) the only objection, of any weight, that he brings against it is, its inconsistency with the justice and goodness of the Supreme Being. He rejects their doctrine, because he is unable to reconcile it with those attributes of the Deity. We are not, perhaps, under any great obligation to our learned author; and yet we shall take some pains to put him in the way of conceiving how the predestination of modern Calvinists comports with infinite justice and goodness;—though the Calvinists may give us little thanks for our officiousness. His Lordship can conceive, that it is consistent with the justice and goodness of God to pronounce sentence of condemnation on the finally impenitent; and, in consequence of foreseeing this impenitence, to determine, before the foundation of the world, on pronouncing such a sentence. While, therefore, it is consistent with his infinite justice and goodness, to determine on dooming to future misery those who, he foresees, will not perform the duties they had both faculties and opportunities to discharge; it is also consistent with the same divine attributes to impart to some individuals, greater and more valuable favours than to others. This, also, we think it will be easy for our author to conceive; since the Israelites were, for a series of ages, favoured above all the nations of the earth; and they who now enjoy the blessings of Christian instruction, are in an incomparably more advantageous situation, for the attainment of future happiness, than the inhabitants of California, for instance, or Japan. It is impossible to assign the limits to which it might be consistent with goodness and equity to favour some individuals beyond others. In perfect harmony with the equity and beneficence of his nature, the Supreme Being may place some men in such favourable situations, afford them such teachers and such examples, and impart to them such a measure of his holy influence, as shall effect their conversion, and certainly prepare them for the enjoyment of his beatifying presence. What he may do in time, he might purpose to do before time was. The predestination of the modern Calvinists, therefore, may be supported, without offering violence to the equity and benevolence of the divine nature.

Although we have been as brief as we well could, in order to be intelligible, our readers perhaps begin to be weary. We must beg leave, however, before we conclude, to advert



to the folly of attempting to write down the 'evangelical preachers,' whether they are found in the church or among dissenters. If their doctrine does *not* agree with that of the established formularies, at least the shades of difference are so fine and delicate as to be quite imperceptible to vulgar eyes. In attempting to confute them from scripture, those who pay an ordinary deference to that ultimate rule of faith and practice, are involved in endless contradictions, or have recourse to subtleties scarcely intelligible even to themselves. In this contest, therefore, the 'preachers' will always have the superiority in public opinion; for men in general will never be able to distinguish their tenets from those of the scripture and the established forms, to which they bear so near a resemblance. Such persons, on the other hand, as are pleased to declaim on the pernicious tendency of 'evangelical' instruction, and the mischievous manner in which those who impart it, perform the public and private duties of their office,—while they render themselves unspeakably ridiculous, have, in point of fact, no more real efficiency, than if they vociferated in the wilderness. Quite unmoved with the outcry, the preachers continue at work just as before. In season and out of season they are intent on disseminating the grand and fundamental principles of their Christian belief. As for the 'tendency' of their instructions, it is manifested in the civilization of the half barbarous, in the reformation of the profligate, in ardent devotion and active charity; while by visiting the sick, by consoling the distressed, by instructing the poor, by relieving the necessitous, they effectually secure the esteem and affection of their followers. Not satisfied with diffusing their doctrine in the dark and uncultivated parts of the empire, with effecting moral reformation and improvement among their countrymen,—as if they meditated the conquest of the whole earth, in all directions they send forth their missionaries; who discover a zeal and diligence corresponding with the extent and grandeur of their undertaking, and in many cases meet with success proportioned to the benevolence of their intentions. Assuredly these men are not to be overpowered by small pamphlets, or large volumes. Those who oppose them must change their mode of warfare. If they propound a purer and more useful system of faith and manners, they must, in order to gain an ascendancy, acquire a more ardent zeal, make greater sacrifices, and employ more vigorous and better concerted exertions than the evangelical preachers; and not expect to vanquish in the closet those who are already spread over the face of the land.



Art. IV. *Descriptive Travels in the Southern and Eastern Parts of Shan, and the Balearic Isles, in the year 1809.* By Sir John Carr, K. C. 4to. pp. 400. Price 2l. 2s. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; Faulder, and Rodwell; and J. M. Richardson. 1811.

AN old acquaintance of the most renowned of all English knights, seeing him lying in the counterfeited semblance of death in the field of Shrewsbury, is represented to have said, that he could 'better have spared a better man.' The gallant and facetious personage whose *sixth* travelling adventure is here narrated, is grown into such familiarity, and, as it should seem, favour, with the public, that though he is by no means held the foremost man of his class,—though great liberties have been taken with his literary character, in courts of law and courts of criticism,—though good plenty of jeers and sarcasms have been expended on him from much less dignified and authoritative quarters,—and though he constantly exacts largely on the purses of those who wish to know what he has been about,—yet he is more in request than divers of his contemporaries, who at less expence would instruct us more, and therefore ought not to please us less. It is but a short time, comparatively, since the tickets for his last entertainment were paid for; and yet in this interval we have several times heard, and several times even ourselves repeated, the inquiry, Where can Sir John Carr be all this while? How happens it that we hear nothing from Sir John Carr? After all sorts of men that sail, ride, walk, eat, drink, and even sleep for the express purpose of subsequent exhibition in Pater-noster-row—adventurers military, clerical, medical, commercial, sportive, sentimental, and philosophic—have brought home, from this and the other country, relations of battles and sieges, political maxims, quarterly or monthly constitutions of government, sketches of scenery, caricatures of manners, anecdotes of the prince, the innkeeper, and the mule-driver, dialogues with Jacinta, and secret history of the monastery, there still seems something wanting till Sir John shall have galloped along the very same roads, and related the occurrences of the race in elegant quarto.

But the most fortunate adventurer may presume too far on his favour with the public; and we doubt whether it evinces any improvement gained in the article of prudence, during our knight's recent excursion, that, at the same price as that of his last volume of travels, he here gives (with almost 150 pages less of letter-press,) only half the allowance of plates—the number being but six, which,

indeed, is barely a third of the number given in the last but one of his former tours. He can hardly be unaware, what a very considerable share of his success is owing to his decorations;—and therefore we cannot help surmising that he is here tacitly, but consciously, taking a final leave of the public as a writer of travels; and, persuaded that he shall have no more need of their good-will and candour, sends out a work of which he judges he may trust the success to the impression left by his preceding performances,—but which, from the very great diminution in one of the capital and most essential recommendations, would not, he knows, contribute to secure the same predisposition in favour of another appearance in the same character. We may surely presume we cannot be at variance with Sir John's own opinion, in setting so material a value on an advantageous point of distinction which he took the pains to give to his former works: but then neither can he refuse to concur with our opinion of the inferior value of a work possessing so very much less of this advantage,—especially when that work is expressly denominated '*Descriptive*,' and is avowedly composed in conformity to that denomination. If his auspicious destiny has led him at length into a delightful region,—in '*locos lætos et amœna vireta*'—where the happy termination of his wanderings will be the conclusion of his writing books of travels,\* we congratulate him on his good fortune; thank him for all the entertainment which he has traversed so many parts of Europe to enable himself to supply; and proceed, as in duty bound, to notice this last series of his adventures, which was performed with the knight's accustomed activity and inquisitiveness, and is narrated with his wonted ease, vivacity, and good humour.—We give his own account of the nature of his performance.

'The principal character of the work is intended to be descriptive, particularly of scenery and manners; if I am occasionally minute, it is only for the sake of illustration.' 'At the same time, I have not altogether omitted such recent political events as are connected with my subject, or which occurred under my own observation. The perfidious and cruel irruption of the French into Spain, and many events which have occurred in consequence, have furnished much new matter since the publication of most other Spanish Tours; and of the Balearic Isles, I have never met with any descriptive accounts. To these countries the following pages are confined, but my tour extended much farther in the Mediterranean. In Sardinia, I found a country extremely interesting, and, I believe, but little known. It is now

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\* We think we have seen something to this effect in the newspapers.



to, the last sanctuary of an intrepid and unblemished prince, it affords some field for the commercial enterprize of Englishmen, its harbour has been eulogized by the immortal Nelson, and it is growing up into comparative importance amongst the islands of the Mediterranean. The removal of the court of Naples to Sicily, the settlement of so many of our countrymen there, and particularly the abortive attempts of the French to extend their usurpation over it, have added some charms of novelty to the familiar attractions of that favoured island. Even Malta, with its well known batteries and barrenness, I found to have acquired new importance from the war. In short, every inch of ground which yet remains free from French contamination, cannot but be dear and interesting to Englishmen.'

Does it not look a little coquetish, and most unusually spiteful, in our knight thus to tell us, in effect, that his note-book contains many particulars concerning an interesting and nearly unknown country—but he is determined it shall, for him, continue unknown? If the volume *was* to be limited to a certain number of pages, we could have been well content to forego, for the sake of having this withheld information, some portions of the Spanish itinerary, 'descriptive' of stages much more familiarly known to us than those between London and York.—Reason is offered for the suppression of another class of particulars, and certainly some virtue is evinced in withholding what would not a little have promoted the popularity of the book.

'Treated as I was with kindness and even confidence in many distinguished families, it is to be expected that several private anecdotes came to my knowledge, which would illustrate manners, and even events, and certainly contribute to the entertainment of the reader. But as the publication of them might embarrass those with whom they originated and distress those to whom they apply, I have cautiously abstained from admitting them here. My views are general, not personal; and whatever may be the opinion of the merits of my work, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing, that neither in the present nor in any other instance, in which I have ventured before the public, have I offered any violation to private feelings or public morals.'

It is one satisfaction, amidst the mortification of being refused the very racy species of luxury which the knight could so easily have supplied, that we are perfectly certain nothing he could have told would have tended to throw the most transient shade of blame on the conduct of any persons of political responsibility in or belonging to this country. But as there cannot be the same certainty of the wisdom, and immaculate virtue of the politicians of any other nation, it seems not improbable that he may, notwithstanding the velocity of his movements, have chanced here and there to spy out an unstopped crevice, through which his cu-



riosity described certain circumstances connected with mysterious and pernicious under-plots—and explanatory of unsuspected, or but suspected qualities and purposes of some of the Spanish actors—in that frightful drama of which the concluding scene may still, for any thing that yet appears, be very remote. And if our knight really did come by surprize, on any such unfoldings of information, (for it is difficult to conceive how they should be formally and deliberately made to a gay stranger-errant,) we are sorry that, for the sake of justice and history, the knowledge should not be communicated to this most righteous and deluded nation.

Sir John sailed from Falmouth on the 9th of July, 1809, and had a pleasant voyage of nine days to Cadiz, where he landed amidst a mob of boatmen, porters, monks, and mendicants, the last, he says, 'filthy and stinking of garlick beyond description'—was assailed by English officers with inquiries after news, 'not only from England, but from our army in Spain'—and then went to an hotel, where he and a gentleman, who was his companion during the greater part of his traverse of Spain, were 'shewn into two most horrible dungeons, after some portion of the vermin had been brushed out.' The look of these apartments drove them out in quest of more tolerable accommodations; and they went 'to see another hotel, the host of which by his card, professed to receive only persons *decentes y de buena conducta*, decent and well-behaved, and to treat them with great honour;' 'but,' he says, 'from its more horrible aspect we determined to remain in our first quarters.'—Here it would not, perhaps, be amiss to suggest, that narrators who are likely to have any thing really dreadful to tell before they come to the end, should not expend on trifles at the outset the strongest diction of tragedy and furious romance. It may be, that before Sir John has finished, he will have to relate some of the most savage massacres and most deadly conflicts—to describe the 'aspect' of some of the prisons of the Inquisition—and to tell of pieces of human bodies nailed to the walls at several of the places he visited, as monumental trophies of popular and fanatical vengeance; and here, notwithstanding, he begins by bestowing the epithets appropriate to such objects, on bugs—cobwebs—dust—and unsavoury smells.

There have been times, however, when the knight was a very discreet person, and careful how he applied his strong terms. For one of the first pieces of information he received at Cadiz was, (and he appears to have profited

by it to the full extent designed by the concentrated national wisdom,) 'that, by a law lately passed, it was death to speak ill of the Supreme Junta, and banishment to speak favourably of the French.' When fairly out of the dominions of the Junta, he takes his revenge for the former of these interdicts, in language which every loyal person will be petrified to hear,—becalling in the rudest terms an assembly, which, even if it had been as destitute of intrinsic excellence as he represents, was yet highly venerable as personating no less a monarch than Ferdinand VII, and which on this ground claimed, even when defunct, a scrupulously respectful language.

Having established a lodgement in the inn, in defiance and in the very teeth of the whole garrison of spiders, bugs, and their lighter-armed auxiliaries, our knight 'sallied out,' as he says, and as might be expected, into the different parts of the city, to observe and comment on the narrowness of the streets, the measures of police for preserving cleanliness, the arrangement of the buildings composing a complete house, and the mode of obtaining water. The ground on which the city stands, affords no good fresh water. For subordinate purposes, the deficiency is supplied by proper contrivances for collecting the rain water; but for all nicer uses, excellent water is brought by boats from Port St Mary, across the bay, except when a north wind prevails.

'The sale of this precious article furnishes a source of livelihood to many hundreds, who dispose of it to the poor, by the glass, from jars, with some carraway seeds in it, or to the opulent in small casks, borne by asses. On account of the scarcity of water in Cadiz, washing is very dear; and I found that much of the linen was sent over to Port St. Mary to be washed.'

Sir John has a remark or two on the importance, in a political view, of our retaining Cadiz as long as possible, and on the 'positive, though limited, benefit we shall derive from the consumption of British manufactures amongst its population.' He does not, however, say, whether the 'benefit' to us of such consumption may at all depend on payment.

He appears fully as much at home, and expatiates much more amply, on the subject of the appearance, dress, and manners of the Spanish ladies. We wish there were as good evidence to convict him of scandal in his representation of their morals, as we could bring, by quoting his observations in page 10, to convict him of making too light of their vices. He does not speak much more favourably



of their cleanliness than their morality. According to him there are a considerable number of sins they will commit sooner, than that of wasting time and money on the needless luxury of a 'tooth-brush;' especially as the purpose of such an article is much better answered by smoking cigars, and as there might be a degree of inconsistency between an over nice attention to one species of cleanliness, and the neglect of others. It is, however, amidst a profusion of the language of gallantry, that the knight tells and intimates such things—and therefore let all whom this warning may concern take notice, that his most flattering attentions and smiles are no proof that he is not, at the very time, wickedly spying out blemishes, nor security that he will not satirically publish them.

Among the travelling tribe we have found very few men of real refinement, with respect to that kind of licentiousness which involves the female portion of society. Nor do we mean by this quality any thing so high as absolute virtue. Far enough short of any exquisite degree of sanctity, there may yet in adverting to this class of vices—and he must often advert to them, who undertakes to describe at large the manners of any continental, or indeed any other nation,—there may be a certain dignified simplicity of language, that shall describe and allude in a manner perfectly clear of the pruriency, and the air of libertine significancy, so very often conspicuous and disgusting in our modern and contemporary books of travels; a manner by which some of the writers, perhaps, have meant to establish their claim to rank among men of spirit, that know the world, and are no 'innocents,' while in others it has been merely the indulgence of the predominant disposition. Our author offends less than most of his fraternity; but he will never be selected as the example of refinement. Avoiding grossness, and never dwelling long in any way on the subject on which some travel writers will laboriously amplify, he yet has a certain arch, or what is cantly called 'wicked' manner of glancing at them, that will direct the attention of some of his readers to what he relates or alludes to, as something very different from simply so much information. Very possibly, however, this may be good policy in the book making art;—as we should not be at all surprised to learn, that nine tenths of reading people like this piquant style much better, than that in which the subjects would have been noticed by a tourist like Johnson.

A variety of amusing description and anecdote, about smoking, treating in ice-houses, dancing, and evening



parties, is followed by an account of our knight's being introduced to the company of Augustina, the celebrated amazon of Saragossa; and we might give credit to a spirit less prompt to brisk fermentation than Sir John's, for the sentiments with which he professes to have seen and heard her. We may as well transcribe part of his description.

'Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23, when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was a light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. General Doyle told me that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with animation of those she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges.' 'The day before I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner given by Admiral Purvis on board of his flag ship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present. As she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artilleryman, the Admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit received her with the honours of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manoeuvred before her: she appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness, and soldier like appearance. Upon examining the guns she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap; "my gun," alluding to one with which she had effected considerable havoc among the French at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired: its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight: she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening she joined in the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable natural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were heard to say, with an hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her, she ought to have plenty of prize money; she is of the right sort."

General Doyle read to her, while Sir John was present, several letters written to him under great emergency and distress by General Palafox, her former commander: the effect is thus described.

'The face of Augustina, which, as I have observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation: tears rolled down her cheeks; and clasping her hands as the last word "adieu" was repeated, she exclaimed, "Oh those base invaders of my country, those oppressors of its best of patriots; should the fate of war place any of them

within my power, I will instantly deliver up their throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation, a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon after the husband of Augustina entered, &c:

'Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*: she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but modestly preserves the petticoat. One evening as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man, attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way; upon which offended at his impertinence, she turned round, and drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The gay but not gallant Lothario fled as fast as his legs could carry him.'

We have no objection to this mode of sending off Lothario, though we may not be quite certain that Sir John is of our mind. But what is it that reconciles him to see the woman deliberately cut the throats of men unable thus to run away, and deprived of all means of resistance,—in short, disarmed fettered captives of war? Is it because the knife will cut with a gentler sensation, when grasped by a female hand? or is it that nothing is too barbarous to be sanctified by the character of patriot?—Our traveller's book could not fail to afford additions to the immense accumulation of facts, illustrative of the dreadful excess of provocation experienced by the Spanish people; but it also gives evidence, in many places and particulars, of something more in that people than that fierceness of spirit, with which the most civilized and generous nation would re-act against such atrocious aggression. It relates numerous facts tending to prove an habitually barbarous state of moral sentiment, a facility of massacre, an indiscriminateness of revenge, an incapability of relenting towards a prostrate, helpless, and suffering enemy, which could not have been produced and matured by all the fury of which they have suffered the incessant stimulus these several years past.

Having seen to the end of the novelties at Cadiz in about twelve days, Sir John, with the view of proceeding toward Seville, but in the first place of seeing a bull-fight, went over to Port St. Mary's. It seems, this detestable amusement was not permitted in any other part of Spain, and was permitted here only by a disgraceful suspension of the law.

'Many of the low Spaniards believe that the cause of the royal abolition of this their favourite pastime, arose from an objection entertained by the queen to the people assembling in large bodies,



but this is not the fact; more rational and provident reasons suggested it, in 1805, to Charles IV. or his ministers. This cruel exhibition embrates the disposition of the people; if the day on which it happens be not a Sunday, a day is lost to labour; the poorest people will sell their very beds to raise money to attend this popular spectacle; and agriculture and the army suffer by the extraordinary havoc which was formerly made among the horses and oxen, to an amount which is almost incredible. I found by what took place, that the bull-fight at the Port was as much interdicted as in every town in Spain, but as a convenient boon to the people, the Governor was permitted by the Supreme Junta indirectly to concede it to them.

Our author has given a very clear, concise, and striking account of this exhibition, which he witnessed in a theatre containing, probably, not much less than 10,000 persons. 'The number of men and women,' he says, 'appeared nearly equal; and among the latter were several females of distinction, and many of great respectability.' Vast numbers of people had come from Cadiz, which is, as to its inhabitants, confessedly one of the most respectable cities in the kingdom. So that this great assembly might justly be taken as fairly representative of the national character, in point of what is called, by a sufficiently gross misnomer, humanity. Let then a cultivated reflective man, just moderately endowed with that quality, and without pretending to any thing exquisite in sensibility, turn himself to the spectacle in the arena, and take on his mind the right impression of the scene; in which he would behold, according to our author's description, horses literally torn open, with their 'entrails hanging down like ribbons, streaming with blood,' and the intended victims of the game, the bulls, with their necks bristled with barbed darts stuck in their flesh, on some of which darts gunpowder crackers are fixed, and, as it should seem, lighted the instant before the darts are stuck into the animal, so as to explode speedily afterwards. The human operators too in the performance (but this, we confess, is really a trifling circumstance) are in great peril, and not unfrequently wounded. Let this humane spectator then turn toward the vast assembly, and take his impression of the national character from the appearance of intense, of almost ecstatic delight in viewing the most miserable and horrid parts of this exhibition. Now to complete the complacency and harmony of this man's ideas and sensations, we want him but to turn to one side more, and take the third impression—the correct impression of the *sense* of those persons, who have poured out on such a nation unbounded eulogies, in a strain composed of all



the epithets importing any thing related to generosity and magnanimity ; and we may add, the impression of the *politics* of those who, in scouting all considerations of economy in the measures for assisting such a people, would equally reject all ideas of stipulating for any reformation in their barbarous national system.—The most unequivocal proof, of the thoroughly barbarous state of any people, is when the women are as much delighted with cruel spectacles and sports as the men. Sir John's professed gallantry does not withhold or modify this proof in the present instance. Unless,' he says, 'several horses are killed, the fight is considered by the most delicate and refined female spectators as unsatisfactory.' The interest is much increased by a man being now and then wounded. The ladies have no very high idea of the bravery of a foreigner who exhibits any other sensations than those of gratification at these fights. "Oh, what merit has that fine young nobleman" said a pretty Spanish lady, "how beautifully did he kill the bull!"—In describing the accommodations of the theatre, our author mentions that there is a room where a 'priest attends with the host, in case of a fatal accident.'—The lacerated horses are left to die in protracted anguish, the pride of these barbarians deeming it below the Spanish dignity to stoop to so low an office as that of despatching horses!—Wonderful dexterity and courage are displayed by the bull-fighters ; and Sir John says it is a well known fact that the men who most distinguished themselves in the battle of Baylen had been of this class.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

Art. V. *Poems, original and translated*; including Versions of the *Medea* and *Octavia* of Seneca. By the Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, A. B. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. In two volumes, 8vo. Price 12s. boards. pp. xviii. 391. Longman and Co. 1811.

IT is much to be wished, that our young translators would strike into the less frequented paths of classical literature, break up new ground, and reclaim the wastes of antiquity, instead of attempting to introduce a new and inferior mode of cultivation into the tracts already possessed by their predecessors. There is no necessity for fighting the battles of Homer o'er again, but we should rejoice to see them rival the success of Pope in versions of the Greek tragedians. It can answer no purpose to pile up new translations of Juvenal ; but an English Statius would be a valuable gift. We are therefore gratified to observe Mr. Wheelwright try his hand, by no means an unskilful one, on some of the productions of the Latin

Muse, which have never been introduced to the English reader, or at least have been hitherto consigned to neglect for want of a modern and respectable dress. It is not likely, perhaps, that his performance will be more read, than a needless version of more popular works; but, at any rate, it is more wanted, and will be resorted to for the sake of information, as well as for the mere indulgence of curiosity.

The first volume of this work contains the *Medea*, which is beyond all doubt the genuine production of the philosopher Seneca; and the *Octavia*, which has been loosely, and we think erroneously attributed to the same writer, but the real author of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained. A neat and unostentatious preface is prefixed, containing a summary account of the tragedies ascribed to Seneca, and the versions of them into the modern languages of Europe. The notes to both these performances are select, appropriate, and judicious. In the second volume Mr. Wheelwright has added translations of the principal fragments of the Latin tragic authors, selected from Scriverius.

The merit of the *Medea* is not only considerable enough to justify the trouble of translating it, but to give it a strong claim to be first selected for that purpose. This merit indeed is chiefly confined to the sentiments and language; for there is scarcely any thing like plot, situation, or incident. Neither is there any strong delineation of character, with the brilliant exception of *Medea* herself, whose desperate energy is well relieved by the peevish imbecility of *Creon*, and the fickle tenderness of *Jason*. The sentiment is often bold and striking, though sententious, epigrammatic, and savouring of affectation; the language is rich and splendid, but sometimes verges on soporific and bombast.

Of a story so trite and familiar, we need not furnish any outline, but shall content ourselves with an extract or two, which will recommend the version, we think, to a considerable share of public attention. The following passage is put in the mouth of the Nurse, who describes *Medea's* magical preparations to revenge herself on *Jason*, by the destruction of his new bride *Creusa*, and her father *Creon*.

——— ‘ Thus, having summon’d

The Serpent tribe, she culls the deadly bane  
Of inauspicious herbs. Whate’er the height  
Of craggy *Eryx* generates; or, expos’d  
To endless winters, what bleak *Caucasus*,  
Stain’d with *Promethean* gore, envenom’d bears—  
Or arrow-darting *Mede*, or *Parthian* swift:  
The pois’nous juice, with which the wealthy *Sons*  
Of *Araby* the blest distain their shafts—

Or where from out the bleak Hercynian groves  
 The noble Suevi cull their venom'd stores—  
 Whate'er in gentle Spring the earth creates :  
 Or when dull Winter with his cheerless breath  
 Shakes off the leafy honors of the grove,  
 And binds the land in frost ; whatever herb  
 In rank luxuriance rears its lofty head,  
 Or from the dire and interwisted roots  
 Whence springs the baleful juice, her deadly hand  
 Culls all.....

'Some in their full-blown pride her charmed nail  
 Pluck'd off : the deadly juice and venom'd gore  
 Of Serpents she distils ; and mingles too  
 The bane of birds obscene ; the boding owl  
 Yields her warm entrails ; these the plotting Fiend  
 For sep'rate deeds prepares. Some with the spark  
 Of flame rapacious glow ; some torpid freeze  
 In unrelenting cold. She crowns the rites  
 With incantations of as dread import  
 As all the venom'd stores ! And see her step  
 Of hurried madness : now she mutters o'er  
 The dreadful charm ; trembles affrighted earth,  
 In conscious horror of th' unhallow'd strain.' pp. 62—64.

We shall add part of the soliloquy, in which Medea wavers for a time between conflicting passions, but determines at length to sacrifice her affection to her revenge, and to wreak her enmity on that Jason, for whose sake she had despoiled her father, and murdered her brother, by imbruing her hands in the blood of her children.

———'My plotting mind  
 Secret has purpos'd some dark crime within,  
 Nor dares confess it.— Foolish woman ! whither  
 Will thy blind rashness lead thee ?—Would the bride  
 Had been a mother !—But my tender offspring  
 Shall be to me as her's. Aye, this revenge  
 Will please indeed !—This act, that crowns at length  
 My dread career of blood, must be achiev'd  
 With unrelenting spirit: Ye dear children !  
 Whom once I call'd my own, 'tis your's to bleed,  
 Unspotted victims ! for a father's crimes.  
 Cold horror strikes my heart—An icy chillness  
 Numbs ev'ry limb, and my uncertain bosom  
 Heaves high with strange forebodings. Anger flies—  
 The jealous wife yields her contested claim,  
 And all the mother governs in her stead.  
 Ha ! shall I spill my tender infant's blood ?  
 Peace, baleful vengeance ! leave the damn'd design !  
 Nor e'en Medea dare a deed like this !  
 Unhappy children !—Say, what deadly crime



Can ye atone ? The fault is Jason's all,  
 And mine, more impious still. Yes, they must die !  
 I never gave them birth—and *shall* they perish ?  
 My children perish ?—pure and innocent,  
 How can they merit death ?—But ah ! what crime  
 Doom'd my poor brother ? Wavers thus my mind,  
 Uncertain still ? Whence fall these foolish drops  
 That wet my pitying cheek ? When will the strife  
 Importunate of love and anger cease  
 To tear my yielding heart ? A doubtful tide,  
 As when the rapid blasts contentious rage,  
 And rival-swelling urge the parted main,  
 Divides my tortur'd breast. Rebellious fury  
 Now chases love, and now the tyrant yields  
 His stormy throne. Oh ! end the doubtful strife,  
 And grief submit at last. Dear offspring ! ye  
 The only comfort of my drooping house,  
 Haste, gentle babes, and twine your tender arms  
 Around your wretched parent. They shall live  
 For Jason and for me. The time draws nigh  
 That exiles me from Corinth : lo ! e'en now,  
 Torn from my aching bosom they depart  
 In sighs and tears. Then shall they die, nor bless  
 Their treach'rous father with the fond embrace  
 That never can be mine ! Revenge breaks forth,  
 And hatred boils again ! The former rage  
 Invites my hand, nor longer I delay. pp. 80—82.

The finest passage in the whole drama, we think, is the following expression of Medea to Jason, after having slain one of her children.

———' If still

A pledge of love were pleading in my breast,  
 This sword should search my entrails, and pluck forth  
 From its deep-rooted source the hated tie,  
 That bound my alienated heart to thee.' p. 87.

The incantation of Medea, and several of the choruses, are rendered in lyric metres.

We are rather surprised that Mr. Wheelwright should select the tame and abortive drama of Octavia as a companion to his other performance. The reason he gives is most extraordinary: —'it is the only one of the Latin tragedies, of which the story is contemporary with, and partly involves that of its *supposed* author !' Of all the tragedies 'of uncertain origin,' we should think this the least likely to be the work of Seneca, because, among other reasons, it introduces that philosopher himself, as an actor, and must by the supposition have been written during the life of the tyrant, whose enormities it holds up to

execration. Mr. Wheelwright even suggests that part of it appears to be little more than *Tacitus's* description versified!

In the second volume, the principal objects are, a translation of the thirteenth satire of Juvenal, and a paraphrase of the first chapter of Isaiah. Both these are more elegant, but less faithful than the versions already mentioned. In that from Juvenal, the diction is for the most part very poetical, and the versification very spirited: but the translator's sense, in many instances, has but a slight and indefinite relation to that of the original. The concluding passage is in every respect a favourable specimen: but the particular scoundrel to whom Juvenal alludes, the *noster perfidus*, is completely out of sight.

' Bold is the sinner 'till the deed is o'er ;  
Then doubts perplex, and terror sleeps no more.  
Corrupted Nature, resolute on ill,  
Repents, reforms, and is corrupted still.  
Who e'er has paus'd, the bounds of virtue past ?  
Or who will say, " this crime shall be my last ?"  
When could a blush of conscious guilt inflame  
The brow once harden'd to a sense of shame ?  
And though he still the threats of Justice foil,  
Elude her net, and mock her secret toil,  
Close and more close the maze obstructs his way,  
And the dark cell receives its destin'd prey :  
Th' Ægean rocks, though crowded by the great,  
Have yet for him one solitary seat.  
Then ev'ry wave shall waft his bitter tear,  
And ev'ry gale transport his sorrows here :  
And thou, at length, exulting shalt confess,  
That Heav'n can see to wound—can listen to redress !' p. 42.

We have only room for a short extract from the paraphrase of Isaiah.

' But ye, who all my sacred laws have broke,  
Spurn'd my dread name, and cast away my yoke,  
Ev'n now, to crush your rebel pride aspire  
Consuming wrath, and Heav'n's avenging fire.  
Your giant oaks, whose thick embow'ring shade,  
In conscious darkness veil'd the Idol's head,  
The branching cedar, and the stately pine,  
Where with unhallow'd incense glow'd the shrine,  
And fed by impious hands the tow'ring flame,  
With blacker infamy shall brand your name.  
And as a leafless trunk by lightning riv'n,  
Shrinks from the desolating bolt of Heav'n ;  
Or drooping flow'rets, that expect in vain  
The gentle moisture and accustom'd rain ;  
Thus low your boasted honors shall be laid,  
Rais'd but to fall, and blooming but to fade.

As flames o'er fields of stubble urge their way,  
 Rise unsubdu'd and spread the quick decay;  
 Thus shall ye see your helpless Idols fall,  
 And unresisted ruin bury all.'

The author has made some other attempts in the species of poetry best suited to his sacred profession, and has succeeded so well, that we hope he will be encouraged to renew his efforts. We do not, however, quite understand his notion of 'the horrors of a death-bed repentance.' A more suitable title to the poem would be, 'the horrors of a death without repentance;' unless he supposes repentance, or at least that of a death-bed, to be nothing more than a frightful combination of remorse and despair. We hope he will take pains to instruct himself more perfectly on the subject of repentance, and death-beds.

Of the original poems we need not give any particular account. Mr. Wheelwright has a respectable share of skill in the business of writing poetry; but we doubt whether he has capital enough to trade with safety on his own bottom.

Art. VI. *The Imperial and County Annual Register, for the Year 1810*; containing a History of Great Britain, with an ample Collection of State Papers; the Public and Private Annals of the English Provinces; arranged under the Names of the Counties to which they respectively belong, and divided into Five General Departments, viz. 1. Public Business. 2. Civil and Criminal Jurisprudence. 3. Chronicle. 4. Miscellanies. 5. Biography. Also the Principality of Wales; Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Colonies. Royal 8vo. pp. xxxi. 862. Double Columns. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. boards, G. Robinson. 1811.

WE noticed the first volume of this entertaining work, in our Review for March last; and then suggested a few such alterations in its plan, as were calculated, in our opinion, to render it still more worthy of public approbation. Those suggestions were, of course, too late to be of any use to the editors in preparing the volume now before us. They have, however, considerably enlarged the extent of their compilation, as its new title will evince; while some slighter modifications tend to make it altogether a very acceptable and useful performance. For our own parts we have, if we may so say, again lived over the year 1810, by means of this book; and, if time would permit, should indulge in many speculations occasioned by contrasting the eagerness and vehemence with which we participated in some of the occurrences of twelve months back, and the unruffled calmness with which we now, after so short an interval, peruse accounts of those transactions.

The introductory part of the present volume, which has



grown out of the original plan, occupies about 220 pages, and contains a history of Great Britain for the current year, a collection of the most important state papers, and a summary of general or national acts of Parliament. The historical part is not executed with very great judgement; being made up in great measure of accounts of speeches in Parliament, taken verbatim from the newspapers, and duly ornamented with proper notices, whenever the rewas an exclamation of 'read, read!' or 'hear! hear!' as well as with correct information relative to a class of facts that will doubtless be particularly interesting to posterity,—namely, whenever 'the debate was continued till two o'clock in the morning.' (p. 160.)

Indeed, we may observe also with regard to the subsequent parts of the work, that, though in general they merit commendation similar to that which we bestowed upon the volume for 1809, they are notwithstanding in many cases objectionable, on the ground of want of discriminate selection and compression. This cause of complaint occurs most frequently in '*chronicling* the concerns' of London, Westminster, and Middlesex. There can be no doubt, for example, that Mr. Quin, Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Jacks, Mr. Waithman, &c. &c. are most of them very admirable politicians, very eloquent and impassioned orators, and very worthy citizens in every sense of the term: but really it does seem to us, notwithstanding, that when any one of these gentlemen comes to make a second or a third speech, upon any of the political topics which agitate the minds of men in these days, he so naturally adopts the same maxims, the same general mode of argumentation, the same particular metaphors or anecdotes in illustration of his positions, and, as far as our experience in these momentous matters goes, the same identical words, if not the same scraps of poetry, as he had employed in his 'maiden address;' that it is quite unnecessary to lay before the public more than one exercise of each speaker, to enable it fully to appreciate the relative mental and philosophic stature of the whole of them—and at the same time to bestow upon that public all the illumination it can receive from our metropolitan orators.

The editors offend again, in a similar way, with regard to county elections. Every one knows the language in which a candidate for a seat in Parliament shapes his promise: 'Should I be so fortunate as to have this distinguished honour conferred on me, I will do my duty to the best of my abilities.' If the contest grow warm, one party at least declares, 'no difficulty shall deter me from the defence of your rights.' The whig candidate, if

there be one, exhorts the voters 'to trample on the venomous serpent, which has stung the *vital parts* of the constitution.' If he loses his election, which is likely enough, he declares in form and manner following: 'An exposure of some of the instances of influence and tyranny, will be my first object. If they do not deter the enemies of independence from such mal-practices in future, they will, I hope, encourage others to resist them.' The successful candidate on the other hand, says, 'an upright and independent discharge of the trust committed into my hands, will, I am assured, be the most acceptable return to you, and best justify the hopes I presume to indulge of obtaining your future confidence.' This magnanimous profession being advertised, and *perhaps* paid for, he bids farewell to the county till the eve of the next general election. Now, all this occurs so naturally whenever a seat in Parliament is contested, that we conjecture the public would gladly be saved the trouble of reading five or six closely printed columns of letters, (in the account of occurrences in only one county,) relative to matters so perfectly uninteresting, except to the parties concerned at the moment of operation. Yet, in this way we are entertained with no less than *eleven* electioneering letters, written by Mr. Houlton, and Mr. Montagu Burgoyne—or *their attorneys*—to be read by the freeholders of Essex. In Cambridgeshire again, the accounts of speeches delivered at an election occupy ten columns: and in Gloucestershire seven columns are employed similarly. Surely the Editors do not intend to pursue this plan, in their register for the year of the approaching *general* election.

Our only remaining protest is against the method pursued in this volume, with respect to biography. We have before referred to the want of an index to facilitate the reading of this department of the work. We now beg leave to object to the introduction of any memoirs, but those which relate to persons who died within the current year. In the present volume there are, we believe, near forty biographical sketches; out of which *five* at least, namely, those of Dr. Enfield, Sir William Jones, Lord Rokeby, John Walker, and Michael Bruce, certainly ought not to have been found in the Register for last year. One of these sketches, however, we mean that of Michael Bruce, by Dr. Drake, given in cols. 124—138, Part. II., has awakened such exquisite emotions and furnished such pensive pleasure, by the reperusal of it, that we willingly forgive the editors the anomaly of inserting it in the present volume.



On the whole, we think the County Annual Register improves both in plan and execution, as it proceeds. We repeat, therefore, our wishes for its prosperity, and shall be happy if any of our hints and observations should contribute to render the succeeding volumes still more deserving of general perusal and encouragement.

Art. VII. *Short Sermons on important Subjects.* By J. Edmondson. 8vo. pp. 446. price 6s. bds. Baynes. 1810.

OF these sermons the most remarkable quality is their brevity; a circumstance which, by most persons, perhaps, would be regarded as a powerful recommendation, but which Mr. Edmondson seems to have been a little apprehensive might operate to their disadvantage. He has, therefore, thought it expedient to assure us, by way of apology, that having been 'employed in the work of the ministry more than twenty four years, he has always found short sermons both more useful and more acceptable than long ones;' and of the present discourses he observes that though short, each of them contains the substance of a long sermon. This he deems a great excellence; the design of a sermon, in his judgement, being 'rather to open the way for people to think for themselves, than to exhaust the subject by long illustrations.'

We must confess, that to us brief discourses are by no means the least 'acceptable': and we should be a good deal mortified were it again to become the fashion for our preachers to measure their sermons by the hour glass. But there is a medium in things. They who are so engaged in secular affairs as to have no time to read, have also little time to think. The art of conveying instruction to such persons does not consist in hinting at sources of reflection—in presenting them, if we may so speak, with the dry bones of a subject, leaving them to clothe it with flesh and sinews and breathe into it a quickening spirit. Though there is no occasion to distract them with a variety of topics in the same discourses nor to fatigue them with prolix and useless illustrations, still it is obviously desirable to detain their attention on the subject till it becomes easy of comprehension, and to introduce such elucidations as shall enable it to take hold of the imagination and affections. There is a wide difference between perfect nudity and a suitable and becoming dress.

This defect of Mr. Edmondson, however, may perhaps be forgiven. As abridgments, these sermons are very excellent. They turn upon some of the most interesting verities of revelation. While they discover a profound deference for that authority, and great seriousness and solemn-



nity of mind; the author evidently appears, in matters of religion, to be a thinking well-informed person, who aims to do good, selects with considerable skill the most prominent features of his subject, and transfuses into his compositions the emotions of a zealous and devotional spirit. They will be very acceptable to those who think as they read; and young preachers, especially, may consult them with advantage. With the exception of some notions that are peculiar to the author, with his party, we cannot but recommend them to general perusal.

The following extracts will afford a favourable example of the spirit and manner of these Short Sermons. They are taken from the Sermon upon Matt. xxv. 41.

'The sentence opens with the word *depart*. While those wretched beings, who are commanded *to depart*, lived in a state of probation, Christ often invited them to himself, and complained that they would not come to him. But, what a sad change of circumstances! Now he frowns, and says, *Depart!* They are not fit to remain in his glorious presence. Sin has made them contemptible, and the righteous Judge beholds them with contempt. Entreaties to remain with him would now be vain. There was a time when they might have been heard with kind attention; but that time is past and gone for ever. Henceforth, should they pray, their prayers will never reach the throne of God.

'They depart from Christ, the HOLY ONE OF GOD, who lived and died for sinful man. In departing from him, they depart from all his blessed followers. On earth they mixed with the wise and good, and many blessings which they then enjoyed, were owing to that happy circumstance; but now the chaff is separated from the wheat and must be burned up with unquenchable fire. Perhaps they have relations, and acquaintance, at the right hand of the Judge; but they must depart and never see them more to all eternity. This is not all: for in departing from Christ, they depart from all the joys and glories of heaven. Their eyes shall never behold those happy plains of light, where God will reign with saints and angels. O what a loss! The loss of ten thousand worlds, were we in possession of them all, would be a trifle to the loss of Christ and heaven!' pp. 430, 431.

'Let us often reflect upon this awful sentence. Those who are banished from Christ have lost the world, which was their God: they have lost all peace and joy; and their souls are lost. How dreadful is their lot! Banished from Christ; under a curse; tormented in fire; and no prospect of deliverance! They are filled with bitter reflections, plagued with horrid companions, and terrified with doleful prospects! And shall we, for a few fleeting and unsubstantial pleasures, plunge ourselves into endless misery? My dear friends, *be wise*. You are now warned—you are now entreated to accept of life and salvation. O delay not to accept the mercy of your God! Rejoice that your doom is not yet fixed. Bless God for his long forbearance. Renounce sin and embrace Christ upon gospel terms. Give your hearts to God, and walk in his ways: then this awful sentence will never be pronounced upon you.' pp. 436, 437.

Art. VIII. *The Campaign in Egypt.* A Poem. Intended to celebrate the valour of the British Military and Naval Forces employed in the expedition to Egypt, &c. &c. By Constantine Williams. 8vo. pp. 326. price 10s. 6d. 1811.

ANOTHER epic. The bard begins with an invocation, which we think his anonymous Goddess would have done well to listen to :

‘O heavenly Goddess! *fire my lay;*’ &c.

and again :

‘Tis Britain’s deeds that I rehearse,  
Then Goddess deign to *fire my verse.*’

The Goddess, however, being otherwise engaged, has left this duty to baser hands, and has imposed upon us, in the mean while, the task of snatching a grace or two from this extraordinary work, in its progress towards conflagration.

Our poet proceeds, in imitation of Homer, to describe the British fleet.

‘Bomb ketches, transports, sloops were there,  
And frigates too, with men of war;  
For running shore were launches, floats,  
With Turkish hâics, and gun-boats,  
And these, including great and small,  
Form near two hundred sail in all!’ p. 27.

He says, that if he did but ‘possess the Mantuan’s time,’—(this poem having been completed in only two months)—or if he had ‘but great Homer’s muse,’ he would ‘soon pour the list along,’ with all the names of the ships, and commanders: ‘but this,’ he adds, my ‘humble lays refuse.’

In the course of a long discourse of Sir R. Abercrombie to the Pacha, that gallant officer says that the design of France in occupying Egypt is, to

———‘open for herself a way,  
To where our rich possessions *lay,*  
Within the realms of——Asi-a l’ p. 48.

We hardly need inform the reader that he will find a fund of entertainment in this poem, which certainly bears no mark of plagiarism from the celebrated performance of Addison. If any further inducement can be wanting, we will indulge him with one stanza more.

‘Statesmen and patriots too has Heav’n  
Unto Britannia bounteous given.  
See Tully in great *Chatham* shine,—  
Again in *Pitt*: a *Fox* too thine.  
Of those who claim the patriot’s fame,  
Why need I the great *Hampden* name?’

See *Sydney* perish by the axe's stroke.

See *Russel* too with head upon the block!!

The same see *Moore*, 'neath lawless Henry's yoke!!! p. 89.

The poet only brings down his narrative to the battle of Alexandria, for fear he should descend from the dignity of the epopée, and transgress a precept of Vida!

Art. IX. *Christian Researches in Asia*: With notices of the Translation of the Scriptures into Oriental Languages. By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William in Bengal.

(Continued from page 584.)

FOR a considerable time past, the attention of the reflecting part of our countrymen has been excited by certain hints, gradually enlarging into something like distinct information, that the Government has made itself a direct party to Indian paganism. It was with great difficulty, at first, that the reports on this subject obtained belief with some worthy people, in whose minds the kind of religious reverence they had been early taught, and long accustomed to feel, for the authorities that preside over the affairs of nations, was incompatible with the idea of the possibility of a *Christian* Government taking under its express sanction and management a system of idolatrous practices—practices congenial with those which had excited their abhorrence in reading the Old Testament, and constrained their acquiescence in the justice which visited them on the nations with dreadful calamities, or with extermination. What! they said, the Government of a Christian nation, which maintains a large and splendid establishment to promote and perpetuate the knowledge and worship of the one Almighty Being—which sanctifies even its civil institutions with Christian rites—which thinks it necessary to adjure the consciences of its very excisemen by the living God,—and which appoints, yearly, general fasts or thanksgivings,—such a government formally sanction and superintend a worship of the same atrocious nature as that of Baal and Moloch, and greatly more diversified and multiplied in order to meet the demands and peculiarities of a countless legion of demon gods! Those friends of christianity that knew the fact, had reasons for not being eager to proclaim it. Especially those who were solicitous for the fate of Indian missions, were careful what they said; naturally supposing that the publication of such a fact would excite the displeasure of the persons bearing the chief responsibility; and prudently considering that it was not easy to calculate the possible effects of the resentment of authorities,



capable of thus systematically allying themselves with a superstition transcendently malignant. Our journal made but one or two remote allusions to the subject during the heat of that controversy; but has subsequently had several occasions to advert to it, as a matter becoming avowed and notorious. We will not pretend to know the reasons why certain respectable contemporary Christian censors, who must have been perfectly informed on the subject, long before the public had heard one word of rumour about it, have maintained a profound silence during the progress of the disclosure, till absolutely forced, by the complete public notoriety about to be given to the facts by Dr. Buchanan's publication, into a reluctant act of cognizance and censure, a censure carefully enfeebled by being made absurdly hypothetical,—if the Directors do not *inquire* into the existence of—what themselves have authorized!—if on inquiring they find the fact to be so, and do not *then* take measures, &c. &c.

For the condemnation and applause which the now complete exposure will bring on the Company and the Government (for this is a country in which measures for the support of idolatry will receive both) they will be much less indebted to the communicative dispositions of the enemies of such a system, than to those of persons who would see no harm at all in the matter. Major Scott Waring repeatedly stated, in his laborious series of pamphlets, the substance of the facts in question,—and, if we remember, in terms of more unqualified approbation than he seemed willing to confer on almost any other part of the British Indian economy. Soon afterwards, Lord Valencia proclaimed the same information with much more particularity, and, apparently, without being in the least apprehensive of bringing the slightest shade of reproach on any of the high and dignified personages, concerned in what he was exhibiting to the judgement of the public. Dr. Buchanan only completes, for a religious purpose, a disclosure which these writers had gratuitously made; though certainly the production of the official account, thus given in palpable items, will contribute in a much greater degree to fix the public attention, and will seem to give us a more positive hold on the fact. All delicacy on the subject is now at an end. It is now placed in the full view of this Christian nation, that, in another and much larger division of the British state, the most abominable rites of idolatry, instead of being simply left free from all obstructive interference, (the utmost favour that has ever been desired from christianity in India, by a large proportion of its most zealous and anxious

frinds,)—instead of merely obtaining an impunity conceded by the deficiency of power to restrain them, or by a professed respect for what would be called liberty of conscience—that these idolatrous abominations are legislatively sanctioned by an adoption into the regular arrangements of the English Government, and made almost as formally a part of the system of state as the established church in this country, by the appointment of persons of talents and consideration (such the British superintendant of Jaggernaut is described by Dr. B.) to inspect and manage the business of the temples, and take account of the dresses and carriages of the idol, nay even of the keeping of the companies of wretched females devoted from their childhood to the pollutions of these infernal dens. To shew with what a perfect knowledge of the nature of these rites, the government has thought proper thus to sanction them, Dr. B. states, that the appropriate services to Jaggernaut are solemnized ‘at the very doors of the English, almost under the eye of the Supreme Government.’ ‘Close to Ishera, a beautiful villa on the river’s side, about eight miles from Calcutta, once the residence of Governor Hastings, and within view of the present Governor General’s country-house, there is a temple of this idol, which is often stained with human blood.’ The author visited it at the grand festival in May, 1807, celebrated by a concourse of about a hundred thousand persons; and gives an extract from his journal descriptive of the orgies, which were exactly of the same quality as those at the grand temple in Orissa.

It would not, we should think, betray much superstition in favour of past times and legislatures, to fancy, that there *have* been periods when the publication of facts like those in question, would instantly have produced an inquiry and remonstrance in an English Parliament. But at any rate, turning from the past to the future, it would be the blackest of all the gloomy omens that darken our national prospects, if it were certain that the legislative wisdom of a Christian country, should continue to deem a matter like this too unimportant for its attention. The serious reader, it must be confessed, will find every thing the reverse of a happy presage, in the description which Dr. B. gives of the effect of a protracted residence in the East on the minds of our countrymen. His words, which we have already quoted directly import, that those who go in early youth (beyond comparison the greatest number) are apt to become, in their feelings—and then who will answer for their practices—literally pagans. (p. 32.) And how melancholy it is to reflect, that it is with this very state of feeling, gradually wrought and consolidated, that numbers of them will return to England to



exert all the influence attendant on wealth, and both enter into Parliament themselves, and obtain an influence over the election of many other of its members.—After all, however, there is something so eminently monstrous in this compact with the gods and priests of paganism, that we would still wish to think it impossible the legislature should not one day rise up in a mass, with the exception of nabobs and their dependents, to purify itself from this stain. It is evidently with the legislature that the primary responsibility rests.

The striking character of Dr. Buchanan's descriptions of heathenism, and the very strange nature of the topic connected with them, must be our apology for having dilated so much on this part of his book, as to be reduced to a disproportioned brevity in noticing the remainder. Our readers will readily acknowledge, that an exhibition more wonderful was never presented to their contemplation.

From the performances of the temple, Dr. B. passes to those of the funeral pile; and adds one more to the many descriptions which have not even yet, by familiarity with the subject, cured us of wonder.

'A horrid tragedy was acted, on the 12th instant (September, 1807) near Barragore, a place about three miles from Calcutta. A Koolin Brahmin died at the advanced age of ninety-two. He had twelve wives; and three of them were burned alive with his dead body. Of these three, one was a venerable lady, having white locks, who had been long known in the neighbourhood. Not being able to walk, she was carried in a palanquin to the place of burning; and was then placed by the Brahmins on the funeral pile. The two other ladies were younger; one of them was of a very pleasing and interesting countenance. The old lady was placed on one side of the dead husband, and the two other wives laid themselves down on the other side; and then an old Brahmin, the eldest son of the deceased applied his torch to the pile with unaverted face. The pile suddenly blazed, for it was covered with combustibles; and this human sacrifice was completed, amidst the din of drums and cymbals, and the shouts of Brahmins.—A person present observed, "surely if Lord Minto were here, who is just come from England, and is not used to see women burned alive, he would have saved these three ladies."—The Mahomedan governors saved whom they pleased, and suffered no deluded female to commit suicide, without previous investigation of the circumstances, and official permission.'

He insists on the practicability of abolishing this custom, without any violent interference of power; and he asks, but without seeming in any confident expectation of an answer,

'Have the Court of Directors at any time sent instructions to their Government in India, to report on the means by which the female sacrifice might be diminished, and the practice itself eventually abolished? Or have the Proprietors of India Stock at any time instructed the Court of



Directors to attend to a point of so much consequence to the character of the Company and the honour of the nation?"

The complete extirpation, by a decisive enactment of the Government, of the sacrifice of children, is cited and celebrated, partly as a proof that an inveterate cruel custom may safely be annihilated by authority, and partly as a topic of eulogium on Marquis Wellesley,—to the character of whose government this act of salutary innovation may indeed set off against the famous Major's zealous applause of the same Governor for giving instructions 'which,' said the Major, 'do infinite credit to him,' for 'confirming and *extending* the Mahometan and Hindoo religious endowments.'

From the odious view of abominations which were but too likely to maintain, for ages to come, their prevalence among the miserable tribes of Hindoostan, even without any aid of English regulation and patronage, our author turns gladly to contemplate the moral condition of a favoured portion of the same race in the southern parts of the peninsula.—At Tranquebar he indulged the pensive, but elevating emotions which every man of high Christian ambition would feel at beholding, placed near together in one church, the sepulchres of the first protestant missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Grundler. A few days after, he entered Tanjore; heard for the first time the name of Swartz pronounced by a Hindoo; and was received with friendly politeness by the Rajah,—a considerably intelligent man as it should seem, but a melancholy illustration of human nature and of the power of error: for neither a long friendly intercourse with Swartz, nor a deep veneration for his memory, have availed to withdraw him from the worship of an object which Dr. B. thus describes:

'On the following day, I went to view the Hindoo Temples, and saw the great BLACK BULL of Tanjore. It is said to be of one stone, hewn out of a rock of granite; and so large that the Temple was built around it. While I surveyed it, I reflected on the multitude of natives who during the last hundred years, have turned away their eyes from this idol.'

Dr. Buchanan preached, in English, in Swartz's pulpit:

'After this service was ended, the congregation of Hindoos assembled in the same church, and filled the aisles and porches. The Tamul service commenced with some forms of prayer, in which all the congregation joined with loud fervour. A chapter of the Bible was then read, and a hymn of Luther's sung. After a short extempore prayer, during which the whole congregation knelt on the floor, the Rev. Dr. John delivered an animated discourse in the Tamul tongue.—As Mr. Whitefield, on his first going to Scotland, was surprised at the rustling of the leaves of the Bible, which took place immediately on his pronouncing the text, so was I surprised here at the sound of the iron pen engraving the Palmyra leaf. Many persons had the *Ollas* in their hands, writing the sermon as

the Tamul short-hand. Mr. Kohloff assured me, that some of the elder students and catechists will not lose a word of the preacher, if he speak deliberately.'

'Another custom obtains among them which pleased me much. In the midst of the discourse the preacher sometimes puts a question to the congregation; who answer it without hesitation, in one voice. The object is to keep their attention awake, and the minister generally prompts the answer himself. Thus, suppose that he is saying, "my dear brethren, it is true that your profession of the faith of Christ is attended with some reproach, and that you have lost your cast with the Brahmins. But your case is not peculiar. The man of the world is the man of cast in Europe; and he despises the humble and devout disciple of Christ, even as your Brahmin contemns the Sooder. But, thus it hath been from the beginning. Every faithful christian must lose cast for the gospel; even as Christ himself, the forerunner, made himself of no reputation, and was despised and rejected of men. Be of good cheer, and say, "though we have lost our cast and inheritance among men, we shall receive in heaven a new name and a better inheritance, through Jesus Christ our Lord." He then adds, "what, my beloved brethren shall you obtain in heaven?" They answer, "a new name and a better inheritance, through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is impossible for a stranger not to be affected with this scene.—This custom is deduced from Ziegenbalg, who proved its use by long experience.' p. 56.

The contrast, to be sure, between this and the scene at Jaggernaut, is more consummately perfect than any thing the powers of fiction could have created. And this is the difference at two points on the same line of coast, effected among a people substantially alike at the beginning of that century, at the close of which there has been, among pretended Christians in England, a loud and prolonged cry for the suppression of the peaceful efforts for converting more of such people as those at Jaggernaut, into such people as these in Tanjore.—The author was gratified by every thing he saw and heard among this pure and amiable section from the vast and degraded population of India—excepting their distress from the insufficient supply of teachers and bibles, and the deficiency of pecuniary means for extending Christian knowledge, through the medium of schools and other modes of instruction, further into the country. Mr. Kohloff stated, that there were 'upwards of ten thousand Protestant Christians belonging to Tanjore and Tinavelly districts alone, who had not among them one complete copy of the bible; and that not one Christian perhaps in a hundred had a New Testament; and yet there are some copies of the Tamul Scriptures still to be sold at Tranquebar; but the poor natives cannot afford to purchase them.' When Dr. B. mentioned the designs of the Bible Society in England, 'they received the tidings with very sensible emotions of thankfulness.' The



war in Europe has dried up two of the sources of supply, the Royal College at Copenhagen, and the Orphan-house at Halle in Germany. 'Their remaining resource from Europe is the stipend of the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," whom they never mention but with emotions of gratitude and affection. But this supply is by no means commensurate with the increasing number of their Churches and Schools. The chief support of the Mission is derived from itself.'

We have next, some extracts from the Doctor's Journal of Observations in Ceylon, which he describes as a subject for more lively regret than perhaps any other part of our eastern territories. With circumstances and predispositions beyond all comparison more favourable to Christianity than any of them, it is left almost totally without protestant religious instruction; to the astonishment of the Roman Catholic priests from Goa, who are profiting, in one part of the island, by the omission, and of the Dutch—even the selfish and money-worshipping Dutch, who, when masters of the island, took great pains for the religious instruction of the natives, and built many churches which are now falling in ruins. There are computed to be 500,000 natives professing Christianity. But it may well be believed that two clergymen, and the missionaries sent by the London Society, with but a part of a translation of the Bible into a language these people can understand, and with no copies even of this part for their use, can do comparatively but little to prevent that continual relapse into Heathenism, which the Doctor states to be taking place among the eminently well-disposed but ill-fated Cingalese.—We retain strongly the favourable impression given us of this people by Mr. Cordiner; and combining his account of the withdrawal, by their new masters, of an annual sum which had been applied, with incalculable benefit, by the Dutch government, to the support of schools for the natives, with Dr. B.'s description of the melancholy destitution of religious instruction, we do, with him, most emphatically deplore the fate of the inhabitants of Ceylon.—Sir Alex. Johnstone, Chief-Justice of the island is mentioned as ready to co-operate zealously in any thing that may contribute to their seeing better times. But the most pleasing example Dr. B. has given of benevolence and spirit, is Mrs. Palm, the missionary's wife. He says, 'she has made as great progress in the Tamul language as her husband, and is extremely active in the instruction of the native women and children. I asked her if she had no wish to return to Europe, after living so long among the uncivilized Cingalese. "No," she said; "she was all the day long happy in the communicatio



of knowledge."—There would be no end to the train of grievous and indignant reflections which would arise from the full indulgence of the idea, what wonders of utility might be effected in that interesting island by the judicious application of a very small portion of what is consumed, in needless and waste expense, in the national economy (we exclude private and individual prodigality) of *this* island.

Our author's observations are directed, in the next place, to the grand field opening to Christian enterprize and hope in the Malayan Archipelago; where, in consequence of our recent successes against the Dutch, the great islands, Sumatra, Borneo, Java, Celebes, with various inferior ones, and also the peninsula of Malacca, have acquired a claim to receive from English intelligence and Christianity the illumination to which, it may be hoped, the knowledge already imparted by the Dutch is but the dawn.

'We are now,' he says, 'about to take possession of islands, peopled by numbers of Protestant Christians. For in every island where the Dutch established their government, they endeavoured to convert the natives to Christianity, and they were successful. Those amongst us who would recommend, that the evangelization of barbarous nations should be deferred "till a more convenient season," will have no opportunity of offering the advice in regard to some of these islands; for, behold, the natives are Christians already. They profess the religion of the Bible. Let it be our endeavour then to do more justice to these our new Protestant subjects, than we have done to the Christians of Ceylon. We have less excuse in the present instance, for the Malay Scriptures are already translated to our hands. What a noble field here opens to the view of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the Bible Society! 'One hundred thousand Malay Bibles will not suffice to supply the Malay Christians.'

It is to be understood that the Christianized Malays constitute but a diminutive proportion of the population of this Archipelago; and the author dwells strongly on the almost incredible barbarism of the nations in the interior of these islands—citing Dr. Leyden's account, that among the Batta tribes in Sumatra it is an approved custom, that 'when a man becomes infirm and weary of the world he invites his own children to eat him, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and offspring assemble, and, as they shake the tree, join in a funeral dirge, the import of which is "the season is come—the fruit is ripe—and it must descend." The victim descends, and those who are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains in a solemn banquet.'

The Syrian Christians of Malayala\*, are the subject of a large and very interesting portion of the volume. When the Portuguese, about three centuries since, reached India, they were surprized and pleased at finding more than a hundred Christian Churches on the Malabar coast. But their pleasure was turned into indignation, on discovering that these Christians were desperate schismatics and heretics, being entirely ignorant of the Pope, and refusing to acknowledge him after this ignorance had been kindly removed by their European brethren. They had 'for 1500 years past enjoyed a succession of Bishops appointed by the Patriarch of Antioch. "We," said they, "are of the true faith, whatever you from the West may be; for we come from the place where the followers of Christ were first called Christians."' Their simplicity and obstinacy, however, underwent the discipline of the Inquisition—its fires not omitted—as soon as the Portuguese had gained sufficient strength to establish it at Goa. This rigour failing to effect the object, was, after a while, tempered down into a sort of conciliation, which condescended to a compromise by which the sovereignty of the Pope was acknowledged, and a portion of the Romish ritual admitted, but the ancient liturgy of the Syrians retained, and in the native language—though with very great difficulty, and not without a purgation of its errors by a popish archbishop. The posterity of these Christians are the present Roman Catholics of Malabar.

But no art or force availed to reduce to this subjection the Christians residing at a distance from the coast. They preferred even abandoning their homes, taking refuge among the mountains, and throwing themselves on the protection of the native heathen princes. Their descendants have remained chiefly in the most secluded districts of the country, and have been so little heard of for two hundred years, that even the existence of such a people has been sometimes called in question. Dr. B. resolved to find them out, investigate their literature and history, collect some of their biblical manuscripts, and endeavour to engage them in translations. This journey was permitted by the Rajah of Travancore, in whose dominions they reside.—There is no attempting any abstract of the relation of the Doctor's visits

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\* 'Malay-ala is the proper name for the whole country of Travancore and Malabar, comprehending the territory between the mountains and the sea, from Cape Comorin to Cape Illi or Dilly. The language of these extensive regions is called Malayalim, and sometimes Malabar.'



to a considerable number of the churches, his conversations with their clergy, and his inspection of their books. It abounds throughout with the most curious particulars. At the first church, which is in the vicinity of the Romish Christians, and in which he found some defect of simplicity owing to that circumstance, he was received with a degree of suspicion, from the recollection of the visits they had often received from popish emissaries, on purposes appropriate to that character—and, from a strange persuasion, the Doctor says, that the English, too, are of the popish church. They were reconciled after a little intercourse, and an amicable debate with the priests ensued, on the question whether the Gospels were first written in Syriac, of which they maintained the affirmative. At the next church, that of Chinganoor, he was struck with the appearance of one of the strongest practical effects of Christianity, the free condition and unaffected dignity of the women. The general air of poverty and depression was explained by complaints of the tyranny of the native princes, and of the extinction of the former glory of the Syrian church. He answered with a consolatory assurance that 'the glory of a Church could never die if it preserved the Bible.' Having set down this as a bold and liberal sentiment, we were somewhat mortified to find it, but six pages further on, pointedly revoked, in these terms. 'A national Liturgy is that which preserves a relic of the true faith among a people in a great empire, when the priests leave their articles and their confessions of faith. Woe to the declining Church which hath no Gospel Liturgy:' which seems a very direct assertion that the Bible is *not* the grand preservative of 'the glory of a Church.'—At Cande-nad, Dr. B. was introduced to Mar Dionysius, the Metropolitan of the Syrian Church; with whom he had several interesting conversations, in which they discussed a topic of no small delicacy, the advantages of some kind of union between the English and Syrian episcopacy. This discussion had been preceded by one with several priests, who reported the argument to the bishop, on the still more delicate question of the channel through which the English Church has derived from the Apostles the power of Ordination. It appears to have been with a considerable effort of resolution that he plainly acknowledged that channel to be, that very Church which had sent to these Malabar Christians all the charities of the Inquisition. The possible advantages of the supposed union were represented to the bishop; who at length expressed in a sort of polite general way, his willingness to assent to such a project, provided—various conditiona-



lities, which it would take more than his and his successor's life to adjust to the mutual satisfaction of the contracting parties.

Dr. B. found every where a most earnest wish to obtain more Bibles, and the utmost readiness to cooperate in all projects of biblical translation.

But the most curious part of the book, next, perhaps, to the description of the scenes in Orissa, is the account of the Doctor's visit to the Inquisition at Goa. So widely is the English name accompanied by a formidable idea of power, that he could divest himself of any oppressive sense of danger, in entering within the gates of a mansion unspeakably more horrid than the temple of Jaggernaut—supping with an Inquisitor, disputing with him on heretical tenets, questioning him relative to the 'secrets of the prison-house'—and sleeping under a roof which extended also over the 'Chamber of Torture.' Nor was this edifice a mere monument of former iniquities. The execrable Court continues in full power and activity, the only restraint that has been imposed on its operations being that its executions, instead of their former publicity, are to be perpetrated within its walls; by which regulation a still more dark and deadly character is given to its economy. The Doctor made at last the daring and repeated and urgent request, to be suffered to see the reported two hundred cells of the dungeons, and to examine some of their inhabitants. He was refused in a manner that left him no doubt of its being time for him to take his departure. One plea on which he urged his claim for information was, that this Court maintains a cognizance over considerable portions of a territory, now placed within the line of the British Indian empire; and, therefore, for any thing that can be known to the contrary, there be on the rack, at this very hour, persons taken from among the population over which we boast of having extended our protection.

It is on this special ground—that the boundary of the sphere of the Inquisition presumes to intersect that of the British dominion,—a line which ought to be fortified against any such violation with as many terrors as array themselves on the limit of the enchanted grove in the Jerusalem Delivered,—that Dr. B. ventures a submissive and almost plaintive hint of a question, Whether the English nation might not be authorized to make some kind of remonstrance to the Portuguese government, (if it can be ascertained what and where that government is,) relative to the powers and proceedings of this infernal Holy Office at Goa. He does indeed add some reference to the general rights of humanity

and dictates of religion, and he humbly thus expostulates.

'And shall not Great Britain do her part to hasten this desirable time?' (that of the fall of the Inquisition in Asia.) 'Do we wait, as if to see whether the power of Infidelity will abolish the other Inquisitions of the earth? Shall not we, in the mean while, attempt to do something, on Christian principles, for the honour of God and of humanity? Do we dread even to express a sentiment on the subject in our legislative Assemblies, or to notice it in our treaties? It is surely our duty to declare our *wishes*, at least, for the abolition of these inhuman tribunals, (since we take an active part in promoting the welfare of other nations,) and to deliver our *testimony* against them in the presence of Europe.' p. 154.

Now may it be permitted to ask, And if these 'wishes' should be refused, and this 'testimony' disregarded, (for that is clearly an implied possibility,) what are we to do then? Must we—but undoubtedly we must—go on exerting and consuming our utmost strength, fattening the very soil of Portugal with successive thousands of the dead bodies of our protestant countrymen, to restore or establish a government, the first independent act of which, for any thing we dare think of stipulating to the contrary, may be the re-erection of the Inquisition in that country, and to which, in the mean time, we must not presume to address one word, in the tone of authority, relative to the cognizance exercised at the present time by its Inquisition at Goa over our own Indian subjects. Were there not something very melancholy in the fact, that a nation mighty for schemes of war, should, from a moral cause, be pitifully imbecile for purposes of reformation in society, it would be irresistibly ludicrous to hear this timid submissive kind of language, respecting our power or our right to mend the Portuguese government, by just so much as it would be practically the better for being made to abolish its Inquisition in India;\* a government the continuance of any shadow of which in Europe depends so wholly on the positions of our army in Portugal, that our commander might measure and limit its duration to an hour by his pocket-watch. Is this language of timid submitting suggestion employed from some idea that the principle of the injustice of interfering with the institutions of the governments of neighbouring states, on which we began to act so punctiliously about twenty years since, may perhaps, on serious consideration

\* We have heard the same kind of language employed, in expressing an earnest wish and a doubtful hope, as to the possibility of persuading the Portuguese government to reduce, if not to relinquish its Slave-Trade.



be judged to require an abstinence from all mandatory measures, in prevention of even the most atrocious parts of the policy of a petty ally?—provided, that is to say, that he is guilty of no improper proceedings in the matter of traffic in coffee and sugar. Or is it that the sacrifice of so many thousands of men and millions of money, with the addition of individual contributions to relieve national distress, could carry no authentic sign of generosity, if all this should be accompanied by a decisive interdiction of the racking and burning of our innocent subjects on the Maabar coast? Or is it that it may be questionable whether dungeons and tortures, and Autos da Fé, are quite so detestable in a government which is at war with the French? Or is it that Dr. B. is apprehensive that a remonstrance to the Portuguese government in too dictatorial a tone, might lead to the humiliation of hearing some such reply as this,—Abolish first that part of your own system, which formally patronizes Juggernaut and his whole crew.

The opprobrious fact, that numbers of our own best subjects in the east are at the mercy, and may at this very moment be struggling or expiring in the fangs of the Inquisition, is certainly the strong ground for the Doctor's recommendation of interference; but at the same time it appears to us, that the Inquisition is one of those things against which, as in the case of a pirate or a den of murderers, power is enough to constitute right. If the commander of a stout battalion of English soldiers, happening to be encamped near Goa, were to receive unquestionable information that several meritorious persons, perhaps for renouncing popery, from the conviction forced on them in reading, for the first time in their lives, a bible, which had found its way to them through some channel opened by the British Bible Society, were at this very time on the rack, and that to-morrow, or a few days hence, if they maintained their fidelity, they would infallibly be burnt alive,—whatever departure it would be from official propriety, we suppose he would, on the highest ground of morality, obtain the applause of all generous protestants, if he instantly summoned the infernal fortress, and, if refused entrance, forced the gates with his cannon, rescued all the victims, drove out the judges and torturers, and laid the whole edifice in ashes.—In justifying such an act, it is perhaps a requisite proviso, that the power that will deem itself aggrieved, is such, as not to have the means of doing any very serious mischief in revenge.

We must here take our leave of Dr. Buchanan, though



there are several subjects treated in his book, to which we have not adverted, especially the present and probable future condition of the Jews; and the means and plans for promoting, on a magnificent scale, biblical literature and translations in the East.—He still zealously insists on an ecclesiastical establishment in Hindoostan.

Art. X. *The Psalms Evangelised, in a continued explanation; wherein are seen the Unity of Divine Truth, the harmony of the Old and New Testament, and the peculiar doctrines of Christianity in agreement with the experience of believers in all ages.* By Richard Baker, D. D. Rector of Cawston, in Norfolk. 8vo. pp. xiv. and 398. Price 12s. Longman and Co. 1811.

THE compositions of David, and other eminent saints, to whom the Psalms are attributed, are distinguished by their *typical* character. The personal feelings of the writers, and the events of their own times, by which those feelings were excited, are employed by the spirit of inspiration to prefigure and illustrate the character of the great Messiah—of HIM, who was “David’s Son and David’s Lord.” That this is not a conjectural supposition, is evident from the highest authority. The New Testament writers repeatedly apply various passages from the Psalms to their exalted Redeemer; and even reason on the absurdity of their primary application, on account of the language, (admitting that application to be exclusive,) being more than the simplicity or accuracy of truth required. The frequency of these quotations in reference to Jesus Christ, naturally suggests the propriety of reasoning analogically respecting those parts of the Psalms, from which no citations are recorded in the Christian scriptures. But it is obvious that such a principle, however supported in the general admission of it, is liable to an immense perversity of construction, when submitted to the direction of a well-meaning but misguided imagination. We will not venture to assert, that only those passages which are quoted in the new testament, ought to be applied to the Saviour; but we think there is less danger of fallacious interpretation even in this opinion, than in supposing that such a reference is intended in every psalm and every verse. Both extremes should be avoided. How widely Dr. Baker has erred, will appear from the following example. It is the argument to the fifty-first Psalm.

This psalm is usually attributed to David, in penitence for his murder, adultery, and deceit with the wife of Uriah, according to its title; but Dr. Kennicott thinks this is contradicted from the last verse; which shews that it was written during the captivity; and from the fourth verse, that the crime was neither murder, nor adultery, but probably some compliance with heathen idolatries. And indeed it never was probable, that the King of Israel should think it right thus to expose his abominable crimes and sins to his subjects.—However, on whatever occasion, it is the finest model of the deepest penitence, from the conviction of the eternal spirit, and of the only way to pardon and peace: and *applies in general to the strong crying and tears of the*

great Redeemer under the burden and sufferings for the sins of others, and to the case also of every convinced sinner.' p. 127.

Now, let any attentive reader peruse the psalm in question, and apply one verse of it, if he can to Jesus Christ. Did He need *mercy, pardon, cleansing*? Had he been stained with "blood-guiltiness?" The doctrine of imputation, scripturally understood, can never account for language like this. It should ever be remembered that though the effects of guilt and innocence are transferable, that is—though a sinner may be treated *as* righteous and one that is innocent, may for wise purposes, be regarded as though he were guilty,—yet guilt and innocence, in themselves, cannot be transferred. When Christ gave himself an offering for sinners, he was still 'the just—dying for the unjust.'

On this ground we conscientiously object against such *evangelisation* of the Psalms, as Dr. Baker commends, and to which he seems inordinately attached. The volume before us, we conceive, will never approve itself to the taste of those readers, who consult propriety and reason, as well as a devotional fancy, in their interpretation of scripture. We have no doubt that many Passages in this work, will impart real satisfaction to serious minds, and aid them in expressing the best feelings of their hearts. But those who wish to *understand* the psalms, will be glad to exchange the verbose and paraphrastic explanations of Dr. Baker, for comprehensive views and sound criticism.

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Art. XI. *Ode on the present State of Europe.* By T. G. Lace, 4to. pp 28. Price 2s. 6d. Liverpool printed. Cadell and Davies. 1811.

IT has been recently asserted in a popular journal, that there is no point in which our age differs more from that which preceded it, than in the apparent apathy of our poets to the events that are passing over them;—and this their indifference is grievously deplored as marking a decay of public spirit. It may admit of some dispute we think, whether the *fact* is not stated rather too roundly: but it is still more questionable whether even if true, there is any good reason to lament it. It is obvious to remark, how very few of the projects for uniting poetry and politics have succeeded—even in the hands of superior genius. In point of taste, therefore, the alledged infrequency of these awkward coalitions should, one would think, be a matter of congratulation rather than regret. And there is just as little occasion for impugning the patriotism of the age. If the poets are apathetic, there is at least no dearth of prose declamation: nor has there been any remarkable falling off in the circulation of newspapers. While the expression of national sentiment is as loud and general as it ever was, it really looks a little affected to sigh after extemporaneous flights of bad poetry.

In making this last remark, we mean no disparagement to Mr. Lace,—whose ode, on the contrary, we regard as considerably superior to the general run of similar performances. Several of his topics, indeed, are a good deal worn—and he has put an absurd speech into the mouth of Bonaparte. But he discovers an agreeable facility, and has produced a poem, on the whole, rather



pleasing than otherwise. As a favourable specimen of his manner, we give the following extract.

‘ Oh mournful change !—States, that e’erwhile  
Bask’d in the noon of Fortune’s smile,  
O’er whom, for ages, Freedom held  
—Immortal guard !—her sacred shield,—  
Low, low are laid. Oh, land of TELL,  
Among thy craggs, the troublous yell  
That blanches every cheek with fear,  
Invades from far the startled ear.  
Yes—still may bloom thy lovely vales;  
Thy groves still woo the vernal gales ;  
Still may thy pines exult to throw  
Their broad arms o’er the depths below ;  
Thy landscape’s charms reflected rest  
Most sweetly on the lake’s smooth breast ;  
And still the traveller love to climb  
Thy magic heights, and range sublime  
O’er trackless wastes and solitudes,  
Where everlasting silence broods ;—  
But when, lost land, shall Freedom’s reign  
Cheer thy romantic haunts again ?’

Art. XII. *Lectures on the Elements of Algebra*: designed for the Use of the Students of the East India College, and such other young Persons as may be desirous of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the First Principles of that Science. Second Edition. By the Rev. B. Bridge, A. M. Fellow of St. Peter’s College, Cambridge, and Professor of Mathematics in the East India College. 8vo. pp. xii. 266. Price 7s. Cadell and Davies. 1811.

THESE Lectures are rather privileged. It is seldom that a book treating of any department of *mathematical science*, reaches a new edition in so short a period after its first publication. We congratulate Mr. Bridge on the success of his labours : and think it due to his candour as well as his ingenuity, to remark on the present occasion, that he has adopted our hint of publishing this work in a more convenient shape, and at a very reasonable price ; while he has, at the same time, rendered it more correct and more worthy of general encouragement. The present edition contains an additional lecture, on unlimited and Diophantine problems, and the most useful properties of numbers—the investigation of the binomial theorem—Lacroix’s approximation to the Logarithm of any *small* number—and exponential equations. We hope this ingenious author will not be long before he completes his *Lectures on Algebra*, by publishing the volume, which is to contain “the general theory of equations, the summation and management of series, and the application of Algebra to Geometry.”



Art. XIII. *The Philanthropist*, to be continued every three months. Nos. I. II. III. Price 2s. 6d. each. Longman and Co. Darton and Co W. Phillips. 1810, 1811.

IT is a deviation from our ordinary plan to notice a periodical work; but we think it justified, in this instance, by the objects and general tendency of the publication. The design of it is stated to be, 'to encourage benevolent feelings, and shew how they may be most beneficially exerted, particularly by pointing out to those who occupy the middle and superior ranks in society, the results of such endeavours as have proved successful in alleviating the miseries of man, and improving his moral character.' It includes details of various charitable institutions both at home and abroad, especially those for the education of the poor; and devotes a particular attention to the subject of the slave-trade, the civilization of Africa, and the North American Indians, the economy of prisons, and the punishment of death. The work is said to be conducted by a scientific and most respectable individual of the Society of Friends. In expressing our general good opinion of it, we wish to hint the propriety of abstaining from the introduction of peculiar and sectarian notions, either by way of dogmatical assertion or covert insinuation, as likely to impede rather than promote its avowed and leading purposes.

Art. XIV. *Somerset, a Poem.* By F. Webbe. 4to. pp. 42. Bentley. 1811.

IN attempting to give his description of the county of Somerset 'a poetical cast,' we do not think Mr. Webbe has been remarkably successful. He seems, in the first place, to have too much confidence in proper names. Thus in the compass of the first forty lines we are brought acquainted with Italia, Parthenope, Valclusa, Petrarch, Philomela, Maro, Hermes, Somerset, Valdarno, Pomona, Paradise, Eromeo, Ceres, Vertumnus, Albion, Colchis, Phryxus, Bæotia, Phasis, Jason, Greece, Iolchos, Britain, Iberia, and Somerset again,—to say nothing of that class of words, which the grammarians call *gentilitia*; as Mantuan, Arcadian, Dorian, Ammonian, Thessalian, Icenian, &c. Now, though we readily grant, that these and similar vocables are of excellent service to the poet in making up the proper complement of syllables, yet we cannot say much in praise of what they effect when played off against his readers. They may be compared, we think, to certain military companies, notorious for their fierce appearance on parade: or if that comparison should be thought too favourable, to Falstaff's regiment of ragamuffins, which might in vain attempt to cut through the enemy, and storm the fortress, but would do well enough to receive the first fire, and fill up the ditch.

Another point in which Mr. W. seems to be mistaken is, that in order to be 'poetical,' it is necessary to be obscure. There may be some doubt whether Pride would know what to make of the order at p. 5.

'Vail, pride, to beasts; thy pageantry's their gift.'

The poem, again, abounds in inversions. 'Rays of no virtue his dark night of mind ever illum'd.'—This sentence, indeed, may be for-

given because it is predicated of Bonaparte: but the same apology cannot be offered for such phrases as,

'The flocks man clothe, &c.

At p. 89. occur the following curious lines,'

'He the great centre is; and from him flow

'All the grand, splendid radii of perfection.

It may sound singular, after this free exposure of Mr. W.'s poetical delinquencies, to say, that in several parts of his poem we have been reminded of the flowing and harmonious cadences of Akenside. Such, however, is the case; and we will add that there are a few short passages interspersed which appeared to us, on a cursory perusal, to rise considerably above the dead level of vulgar poetry. Such, perhaps, is the following reflection on the 'sacilegious' violation of a monument, erected by the late Earl of Chatham to the memory of Sir W. Pynsent. The last line, however, is obscure and feeble.

'Relentless Time leans on his fatal scythe,

And drops unusual tears as he beholds

His tardy work by hasty hands performed:

And mourns the triumph which he vainly thought

Reserved for future ages, and himself.'

Mr. Webb ought to have made a good deal more of the worthies of Somerset. He has, however, discovered a laudable anxiety for his reader's information, in referring them for an account of two gentlemen of this county—Bacon and Locke—to the *Biographia Britannica*.

Art. XV. *An Essay to explain the Cause of the Principal Phenomena of Nature.* By J. Hamstead, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy. 8vo. pp. xiv. 44. Price 2s. 6d, Steel and Co. 1811.

CAPTAIN Hamstead writes like a very amiable and rather ingenious man, but in the pamphlet before us he has sadly misemployed his ingenuity. He informs us he has 'boldly ventured on a world unknown,' and so indeed it would seem; for he has made some most singular discoveries,—such as—that cold has an effect on the atmosphere similar to that of gravity or pressure—that the density of a body is the quantity of matter it contains—that terrestrial gravity arises from an elastic effort of the æthereal medium to sustain the earth;—that God cannot exist in a physical vacuum—that the planets move in a universal plenum—that the power of Deity is this universal plenum of which the Deity is the centre or fulcrum point. We exhort Captain Hamstead not to persist in such speculations. The tendency of the philosophical part of them is to absurdity—of the religious to Spinozism: and our author is capable of undertaking something that would lead him to widely different results. We advise him to present the world with something more immediately in the line of his profession; persuaded that he would then furnish us with some opportunity for commendation.

Art. XVI. *Commerce as it was, is, and ought to be.* 8vo. pp. 32.  
Price 2s. Richardson. 1811.

A SUBJECT is never worse off, that when a man of dull intellect and inordinate vanity, takes upon him to discuss it metaphysically. The lucubrations of this writer may be judged of from the following specimen.

'Currency, value, labour, use, and exchange, are different parts of the will of man. The will of man is inconvertible, commodities are convertible. Commodities may exist without the will of man, but the will of man is necessary to currency. Currency being identified in the will of man, commodities representing currency should be identified in commodities.' &c.

The pamphlet is very modestly dedicated to the Prime Minister of Great Britain!

Art. XVII. *Poetical Essay on the existing State of Things.* By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford, for assisting to maintain in Prison Mr. Peter Finnerty, imprisoned for a libel. 4to. pp. 20.  
Price 1s. 6d. Crosby and Co. 1811.

IF this Gentleman has not yet taken his degrees, we think he stands a fair chance of being 'plucked.' Out of respect to the benevolence of his intentions, we shall say nothing of the title page; but we do think he would have done wisely to conceal his residence, before he permitted himself to eulogize Sir Francis in such a rhapsody as the following.—

'Thou taintless emanation from the sky!  
Thou purest spark of fires that never die!...  
No sculptured marble shall be raised to thee,  
The hearts of England will thy *memoirs* be!'

Art. XVIII. *The Harmony of Religion and Civil Polity.* A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Dunstan's in the West, London, March 20, 1811, being the Day appointed for a general Fast. By Richard Lloyd, A. M. Vicar. Third Edition, 8vo. pp. 94. Price 2s. Hatchard, Seeley, Highley. 1811.

MR. Lloyd takes, for his text, two out of four exhortations contained in 1 Pet. ii. 17; "Fear God. Honour the King." He dwells 'the longer on the first clause,' 'because the last is founded upon it.' For our part, we cannot perceive that the last precept derives any peculiar authority from its position; for, if so, we must also conclude that the command to 'fear God,' is founded on the preceding clause, 'love the brotherhood.' After discussing the first topic, or the fear of God, with considerable success, the worthy preacher goes on to enforce the duty of loyalty. In considering the origin of government, he discards, with Paley, the idea of an original compact; and then gives a brief view and a zealous eulogium of the English constitution. He afterwards inculcates, at some length, the duties of obedience, reverence, submission, &c. &c. to the constituted authorities. The good sense, the Christian principles, and manly eloquence of this sermon have given us pleasure. But we cannot profess ourselves friendly to political harangues from the pulpit.



even where they are less controversial in their style, and less exceptionable in their tendency. There are some strong expressions in the sermon before us, in reference to 'many modern demagogues,' which could probably answer no better purpose, than that of gratifying and irritating party spirit: as, for instance.

'Having no hopes beyond the grave, having no fear of God to purify their minds, or to restrain their actions, and being, for the most part Bankrupts both in character and fortune, they can live only in the storm: Discord is their element; they are always in their watch-tower, ready to blow the trumpet of sedition through the land: Their democracy is a dark compound of mischief; it feeds upon every thing that is low, vile, and corrupt, poisoning the moral constitution of man, inverting the just order of nature: It is, in fact, Despotism under the garb of Liberty, a love of wealth and power under the semblance of Patriotism.' pp. 42, 43.

The preacher disclaims the idea of any particular prince reigning by an indefeasible divine title: but he still maintains, 'that the *original* of the prince's power is *divine*,' 'it is a portion of God's power.' He does not explain whether this sort of divinity is only predicable of the *sovereign authority*, which is frequently conferred by those who are afterwards to be subject to it, or whether the same attribute extends to all the subordinate offices, many of which have the same origin. Whatever may be his theory, however, of the relation that subsists between the government and the public, we cannot think any doctrine just, constitutional, or the result of enlarged views of Christianity, which goes to reprobate 'private citizens' as 'presumptuous' because they 'sit in judgment on their king, and the measures of his government'. (p. 33.)

We will add a short passage which may conciliate the regard of some readers, who will perhaps be a little displeased with the political doctrines and spirit of the discourse.

'Well does the prophet Hosea declare, that "men shall fear the Lord and his goodness;" for his goodness is not the lenity of a weak, capricious, indulgent parent (for then the impenitent might hope for impunity,) but of a wise, holy, and perfect Being. It is a fixed, immoveable principle of action, having a supreme regard to the reasons of things, and the ends of government. Whilst it is "slow to anger," and altogether lovely, it presents a grave and venerable aspect; and if once converted into wrath, it extinguishes every delusive hope; for such wrath is a comprehensive benevolence, ministering to the Divine glory, and the welfare of the moral creation. Our love, therefore, to God, is ever to be connected with deep humility, the most profound reverence, and godly fear. That view of pardoning mercy, which leads to *familiarity*, is not scriptural; each perfection ought to be viewed in connexion with the rest; they mutually illustrate each other, exhibiting the beauty of the Divine character; and the beauty of holiness in man must be derived from a due contemplation of *all* his attributes.' p. 13.

Mr. Lloyd must allow us to add, in conclusion, that probably no objector to the ecclesiastical establishment, was ever convinced, by being told that his 'objections are all founded in narrow and contracted views, and too often accompanied with that contumacious spirit, which such views naturally produce.' p. 64.

Art. XIX. *Modern Persecution*; a Poem, in three Cantos, by the author of the Age of Frivolity. 12mo. pp. 43. Price 2s 6d. T. Williams, Burton. 1811.

**E**VEN those who remember the previous attempts of this writer in the rhyming way, will be a little surprised, perhaps, to find him treating his present theme in a manner professedly ludicrous. The plan he adopts is, to deliver an account of some late intolerant proceedings against the dissenters, 'in the character of one of the party.' We have at no time been backward to do justice to our author's ingenuity; but we have more than once been obliged to call in question the utility of his labours; and we are a little mortified to find our old objection so peculiarly applicable to the performance before us. In what respect, is intolerance an object of levity, or what benefit is likely to arise from attempting to make it so? That wherever found (and its residence is not exclusively with one party) it ought to be firmly opposed, is undeniable, but there is little chance of laughing it out of countenance.

Our author in his preface, disclaims the idea of representing the excesses he satirizes, as being sanctioned by the church: but there are some parts of the poem in which this introductory sentiment appears to have been forgotten; and there is obviously a great impropriety in coupling the outrages at Wickham Market, with Lord Sidmouth's rejected motion. It ought not to be overlooked in publications on this topic, that several bright examples of liberality, have been recently afforded by judges, senators, and prelates.

With regard to the persons whose cause is here espoused, we fear they will hardly thank this writer for his interference. There are some things so intimately associated with ridiculous adjuncts, that unless they are very skilfully presented, instead of awakening sympathy or rousing indignation, they will irresistibly discompose the gravest features in Christendom. When our author undertook to hitch the *pogroms* into verse,—to record

——— 'the vengeance and the goodly fray  
Which strove to shout, and stink the saints away,'—  
he ought to have recollected this.

Art. XX. *Escape from France*, a Narrative of the Hardships and Sufferings of several British Subjects who effected their escape from Verdun. 8vo. pp. 120. Price 4s. Verner, Hood, and Co. 1811.

**I**N this pamphlet, there are two distinct narratives. The first may be considered equivalent to three, as it gives an account of three several attempts to escape, the adventurers having been twice detected and remanded to prison. The first flight was a 'breaking out' from a place of confinement at Verdun, the two latter from the fortress of Bitche; and all three were attended with considerable danger. The route by which they at length made good their retreat was across the Rhine, in the direction of Stutgard, and thence through the vicinity of Ulm, Munich, and Rastadt to Trieste. The other narrative describes a more peaceable departure from Verdun, by day light in a covered cart conducted by an old woman; the route adopted and successfully pursued, was by way of Liege and so into Holland, the embarkation for England being made at Rotterdam. The heroes of this last expedition met with a good deal of civility and assistance

from the common people, being taken for natives who fled from prison or the army. We hardly need say the whole country is pervaded by gens d'armes, and no stranger is allowed to pass in any town of note without a passport.

The adventures described in both these narratives, especially the first, are very interesting; but are related in a most ridiculous style. After all, however, there are no prison-breakers to compare with Baron Trenck.

Art. XXI. *Portraits of Fops; or Illustrations of the Foppish Character in all its curious varieties; with some sketches of our Principal Modern Fops, &c. &c.* By Sir Frederick Fopling. F. F. F. 12mo. pp. 120. Price 4s. 6d. J. Johnson. 1811.

WE have some distant suspicion that the fabricator of this precious volume intended to be witty.

Art. XXII, *Voyage en Grèce, fait dans les années 1803 et 1804.* Par G. S. S. Bartholdy. Ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand. Par A. D. C\*\*\*. 8vo. 15 plates coloured from Nature; music, &c. and a map of Greece. Price 15fr. fine paper 27fr. Dentu. Paris.

M. BARTHOLDY is almost the first German who has turned his attention to this interesting portion of classic ground.—His performance commences with an essay on the dangers which lie in wait for the traveller in the Levant, in the shapes of banditti and the plague, and on the proper measures to be taken for securing both his person and his property; including also some useful instructions as to the preferable mode of general conduct in that country. He then proceeds to a description of Athens; but confines himself chiefly to those monuments which have escaped the observation of former travellers. The Turks of course engage a considerable portion of M. B's attention. On the whole, he seems disposed to treat them with rather more lenity than many previous writers. The state of civilization of the modern Greeks is also largely noticed; and in expatiating on their degeneracy in literature and the arts, our author presents us with several of the modern Greek ballads, and extracts from modern tragedies. An interesting narrative is given of the unavailing struggle of the Suliotes, with Ali-Vizier in 1804. The work includes a description of the vale of Tempe, and an account of a voyage to Negropont, and several places in Thessaly.

Art. XXIII. *The Wonders of a Week at Bath; In a Doggrel Address from the Hon. T. S. to F. T. Esq. of that City.* 8vo. pp. 83. Price 7s. Cawthorn. 1811.

IN a very tolerable imitation of the style of Anstey, this writer amuses himself with laughing at the manners of modern Bath. He satirizes the lodgings—the promenade—the pump-room—the corporation—the dress ball—the concerts—the glee-club—the theatre—the libraries—the newspaper table—the M. C's.—the M. D's.—the Clergy—the gamblers—the enthusiasts, &c. The mischief of it is, that this class of writers are perpetually confounding wit with indecency.



## ART. XXIV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

\* \* \* *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

A reprint of Puttenham's Ark of English Poesie, will speedily appear under the superintendence of Mr. Haslewood.

A Life of the late Richard Cumberland, Esq. by Mr. Mudford, is in preparation. "The 'Memoirs' says the Editor, published by the author himself, will be used as an authentic record for every thing respecting facts: but there will still remain an important portion to supply. The reasonings deducible from those facts: the estimate of Mr. Cumberland's literary character: a detailed inquiry into the merits of his several productions: the continuation of his life, literary and personal, since the publication of the 'Memoirs': the introduction of collateral matter, which it had been folly to suppose the author would endeavour to perpetuate; together with that general mass of critical and miscellaneous literature, which the contemplation of the period in which he lived must naturally elicit; are among those topics that remain to be discussed, and which it is intended to comprise in the projected publication."

The Reverend David Blair, author of several school books, will speedily publish a volume of familiar juvenile letters.

Speedily will be published, handsomely printed in four large volumes octavo, in a uniform size with Mr. Malone's edition of the prose works, the late editions of Spenser, Milton, &c. with a portrait, the Poetical Works of John Dryden; with notes and illustrations of the late Dr. Joseph Warton, the Rev. John Warton, and others, and his life by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In the course of the ensuing month will be published, the Life and Adventures of Paul Plaintive, an Author; including many of his compositions both in prose and verse; the whole prepared from original documents by Martin Grimaldus, his nephew and executor.

Mr. J. F. Williams announces his intention of publishing by subscription, a Patriotic Address to the British Nation,

and a Poem to be called the British Laciad: the object of which is to celebrate the deliverance of Portugal by the valour of the British army under the direction of Lord Wellington.

Critical Remarks on Dr. Adam Clarke's Annotations on the Bible, will shortly appear.

Mr. Pearce of Walsall will shortly publish by subscription, a Directory for the Town and Parish of Walsall, together with an account of the post coaches, carriers, boats, &c. and all such information as may be useful to the merchant, manufacturer, and tradesman.

Speedily will be published, the Translator's Assistant; being a sequel to Lindley's French Grammar, and consisting of a series of exercises preparatory to entering upon the translation of Telemaque.

Mr. John Ring, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has in the press, a Treatise on the Gout, with Observations on the Eau Medicinale d'Husson.

Mr. Bryan Crowther, surgeon to Bethlem and Bridewell Hospitals, has in the press, Practical Remarks on Insanity, in an octavo volume.

Peter Pindar, Esq. will shortly publish, Carlton House Fête, or the Poet's Disappointment, in two elegies; also Curiosity in Rags, or the Daughters of Eve, an elegy.

Mr. J. Britton, of Tavistock-place, is preparing for the press, the History and Architecture of Redcliff Church, Bristol, illustrated by plans and views of that elegant building.

Dr. Busby proposes to publish his Translation of Lucretius, in rhyme, in two quarto volumes.

Mr. W. Steers, clerk of Silver-street chapel, will shortly publish a small volume of religious, moral, and miscellaneous Poems.

In a few days will be published, in two volumes, 12mo. a new edition, of the Orator, or elegant extracts in prose and poetry, for the use of schools and academies; to which is prefixed, a disserta-

tion on oratorical delivery, with an appendix, containing outlines of gesture, and examples of the principal passions and emotions. By James Chapinan, Teacher of Elocution in the University of Glasgow.

Cesar, with English notes at the bottom of the page, and a full explanation of the proper names at the end of the volume, by Mr. Dymock, of the Grammar School at Glasgow, is in the press, and will appear this month.

Mr. Dutton will speedily publish a new edition of Martyn's Georgics.

Mr. Bracy Clarke has in the press the second part of his Dissertation on the Foot of the Horse, by which the means of remedying the evils that arise from the shoe are particularly pointed out.

Mr. D. M. Crummin, Student of the Middle Temple, and Translator of Aristotle's Rhetoric, is employed in a poem entitled the Battle of Clontarf.

A continuation of the Consolations of Erin; a poem, by Charles Phillips, A.B. of the Middle Temple, is preparing for the press.

Mr. John Sell Cotman has in a state of great forwardness a series of Etchings

designed as an accompaniment to Bloomfield's History of Norfolk, which he intends to publish by subscription.

The eleventh number of Leybourn's Mathematical Repository is just published, containing, 1. Solutions to the mathematical questions proposed in Number IX.; 2. Solutions to a curious problem in dynamics; 3. Expansion of a formula connected with the enquiries relating to physical astronomy; 4. On the sine and cosine of the multiple arc; on the sine and cosine of an arc in terms of the arc itself, and a new theorem for the elliptic quadrant; 5. On magic squares; 6. An account of an experiment for determining the universal attraction of matter; 7. Observations on polygonal numbers; 8. On the irreducible case of cubic equations; 9. the Senate House problems, given in the University of Cambridge to the candidates for honors during the examination for the degree of B.A. in January 1811; 10. Continuation of Legendre's Memoir on Elliptic Transcendentals; and 11. A series of new questions to be answered in a subsequent number.

## ART. XXV. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

### AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

A general View of the Agriculture of the County of Cornwall, drawn up and published by order of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement. By G. R. Worgan, illustrated by fifteen plates, 8vo. 12s.

A general View of the Agriculture and Minerals of Derbyshire, with observations on the means of their improvement; drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement; containing a full account of the surface, strata, soils, minerals, mines, &c. &c. Volume I, illustrated by coloured plates. By John Farcy, Senior Mineral Surveyor. 8vo. 11. 10s.

Communications to the Board of Agriculture, on subjects relative to the husbandry and internal improvement of the country. Volume VII. Part I, illustrated by seven plates. 4to. 14s. boards.

### ASTRONOMY.

Portraiture of the Heavens as they appear to the naked Eye, constructed for the use of students in astronomy,

By the Rev. Francis Wollaston, F.R.S. on ten folio plates. 11. 1s.

### BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Vander Hooght's Hebrew Bible, by the Rev. Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey. Part I. 8vo. 4s. 6d. royal 8vo. 6s.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rt. Rev. Beilby Porteus, D.D. late Bishop of London. By the Rev. Robert Hodgson, A.M. F.R.S. Rector of St. George's Hanover-square, and one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty. With a portrait of the Bishop, engraved by C. Picart, from an original drawing by H. Edridge. 8vo. 7s.

### COMMERCE.

A Treatise on Book-keeping, adapted to the use of schools; containing two sets of books by single entry, one by double entry, and an outline set to be filled up by either method: to which is added a familiar dissertation on the various bills and notes used in commerce as substitutes for cash. By Robert

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Secret History of the Court of James the First: containing, 1. Osborn's traditional memoirs.—2. Sir Anthony Weldon's court and character of King James.—3. Aulicus Coquinarius.—4. Sir Edward Peyton's divine catastrophe of the House of Stuart. With notes and introductory remarks. Embellished with two engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. royal paper 2l. 2s.

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#### ERRATA.

- Page 557. l. 25. *for existence read exercise.*  
 — 573. l. 5. *before learning read the history of.*  
 — 582. l. 3. *for abhorrence read absence.*  
 — 645. l. 22. *for general read genuine.*  
 — 649. l. 25. *for mutual read moral.*